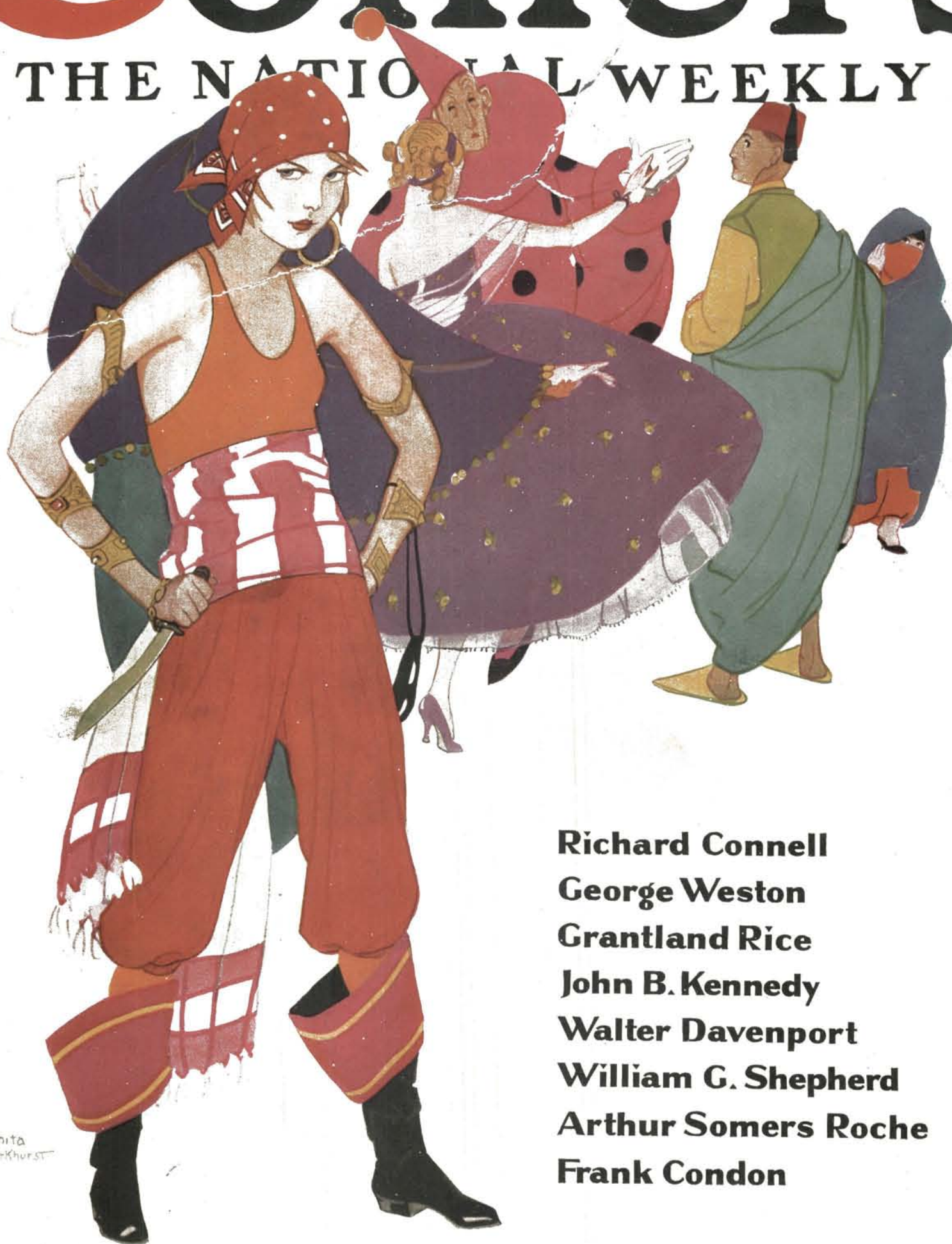


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Richard Connell
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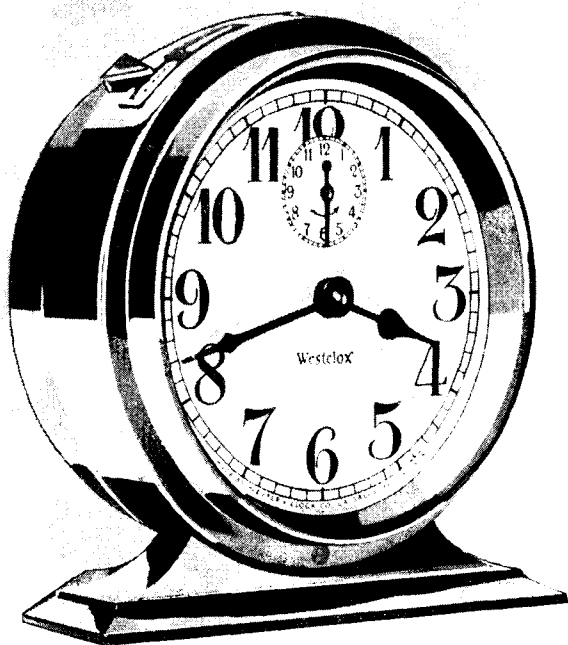
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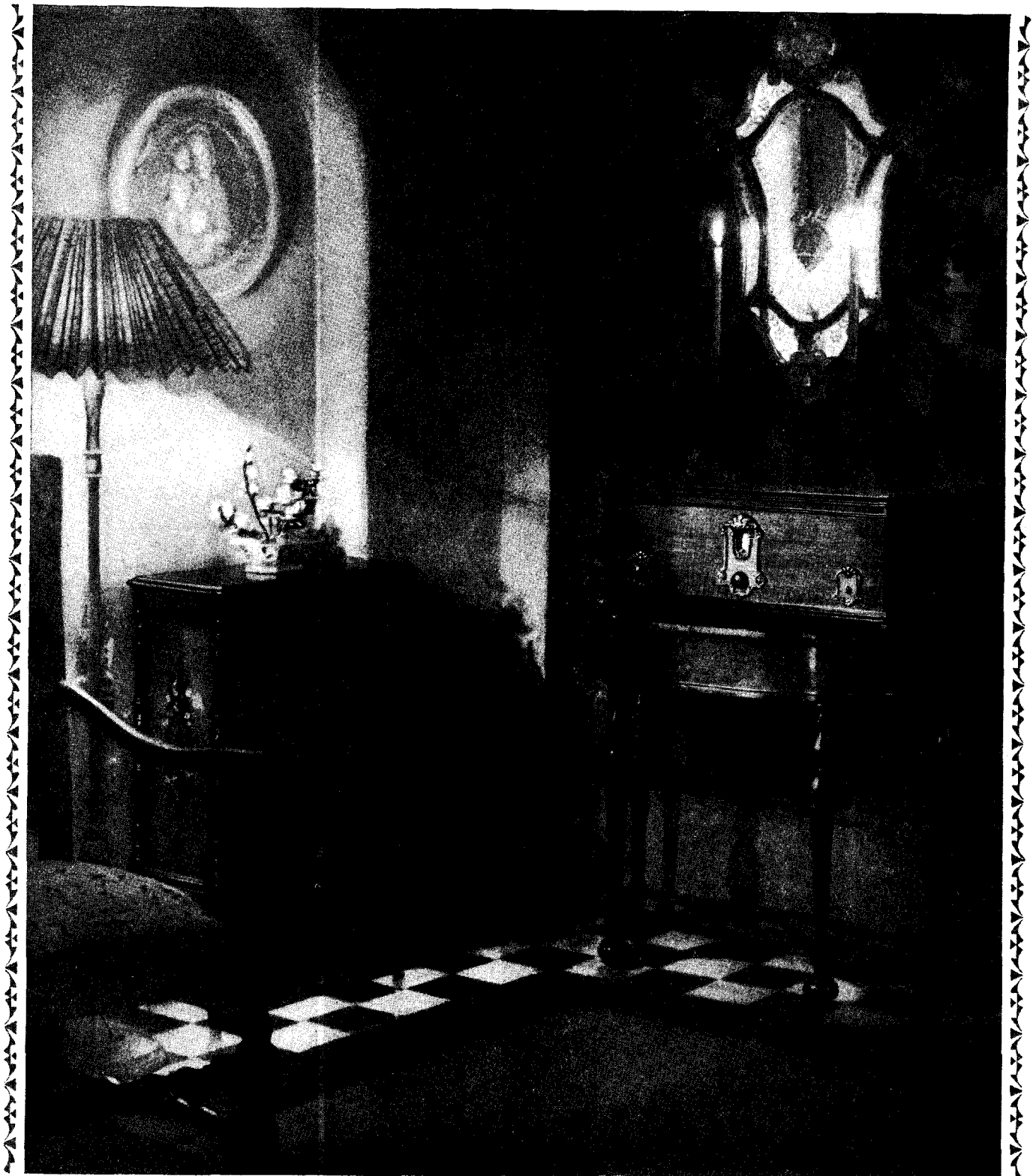
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Number 5

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\$2 a year United States and Canada;
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I woke and took a swing
at a large green parrot
that was just about to take
a nip at my smeller

Table of contents
appears on page 49

The Cross-Eyed South-Paw

By Richard Connell

*The rise and fall of Caspar Crump, pugilist,
as related by that eminent member of the
Sock Exchange, Timothy Malachi Cooney*

YOU could have knocked me over with a sprig of parsley. The man in the corner was my old friend, Timothy Malachi Cooney—but, oh! how changed! For a year I had not seen him, and now here he was, sitting in his favorite tavern, just off Broadway, consuming, moodily, a plate of noodle soup.

He was no longer pink and placid, no longer plump almost to the bursting point, no longer surrounded by a nimbus of joviality. He, who once had proudly displayed the silhouette of a pop-over, looked now like the shrunken wraith of the substantial Tim I had known. His imposing façade had melted away, his chin was no longer plural, and his eyes, which in a more serene era had beamed with benevolent philosophy, now held a wild and hunted look.

"Yes," he said. "It's me. What's left of me, anyway. Fifty-three pounds—the savings of a lifetime—have dropped off me. I don't relish my beefsteaks like I used to. I get less sleep than a

night watchman. If somebody drops a dime on a sofa cushion five blocks away, it wakes me up. I play solitaire and cheat myself. I write myself anonymous letters, calling myself bad names. Yesterday I bought myself ten bright green hats in ten different stores, and I know I look like a cucumber in a green hat."

"What's the trouble?" I asked.
"Listen," said Mr. Cooney.

MAN and boy—he said, punctuating his remarks with audible sips of the noodle soup—for close to forty years I have been a member of the Sock Exchange. I've known 'em all—the great, the near-great, the comers, the has-beens, the never-wasers. I've pulled around with grand old John L., with Jim and Fitz and Big Jeff; with Kid McCoy and Terry and Ketchell. Fighters are like the rest of us. Some of 'em are smart, some dumb, some dumber. They're crooked and straight, kind and mean, nice and nasty. I've handled

every kind. At least I thought so. I was wrong, son, all wrong.

Order yourself a barrel of that steak-and-kidney pie, and I'll tell you how I lost fifty-three pounds without dieting or exercise. It's a sure way; but don't try it.

When I blew this town a year ago, it was with the general notion of coming back with a diamond mine in my vest pocket. The mine answered to the name of Belting Billy Bean. Luck took me to a small club over in Jersey one night and on the card was this Belting Billy, fighting something called the Kangaroo of the Klondike. Kangaroos aren't black—at least nothing is as black as this boy was—and Scotty Allan tells me kangaroos aren't so frequent in the Klondike, and anyhow the Kangaroo came from Mobile, but nowadays a fancy fighting name helps a guy get into the papers. Billy, a good-looking, tow-headed youngster, made the Kangaroo hop all over the ring, and finally hit the reverse blond so hard he is still bouncing somewhere.

I know class when I see it—even when it's green and raw—and I took Belting Billy under my wing. At last, said I to myself, I've got a load of the stuff heavyweight champs are made of. Billy needed seasoning, a lot of it, before he'd be ready for the big time. I figured that he needed about fifteen stiff fights under his belt, so I lugged him out to the

great open spaces where, if he did happen to get slapped prone once or twice nobody in New York would hear about it, or remember if they did. You know how it is with the real, bottled-in-bond New Yorker—born in Jasper, Ind. With him nothing that happens beyond the Bronx really counts. He couldn't tell you who won at Gettysburg because the scrap wasn't pulled off in Central Park.

AS IT turned out, I didn't need to do any soft pedaling on Billy's record out where the wheat begins. He tamed a wild cat in Omaha, gave a fighting barber a massage in Salt Lake City, and painted a two-hundred-pound cowboy black and blue in Texarkana. I began to argue with myself about what color I'd have my twenty-grand limousine painted when Billy was king of the heavies and I was behind the throne with my dimpled hands clutching the money bags.

Whistling merrily, I signed him up to meet one Shark Bajado, called the Mexican Menace, for no reason. Billy was going to win this one in Bozeman, Mont. The Shark was swift, but I'd heard he had heels as square as pool balls and a chin you could hang on a Christmas tree, so I wasn't worrying. Just the same I made Billy work hard in a camp we had in the country outside of Bozeman.



It was soft, handling Billy. Nothing seemed to peeve or rile him, and he did what I told him to. He was the most satisfactory talker that ever listened to me. He knew only two words, "Yep," and "Nope."

Four days before he was due to mix it with the Mex, I sent him for a canter over the hills for the good of his wind and my bank account. I was lolling in a chair on the porch, all full of pancakes and kind thoughts, with a perfect in my face, when I saw Billy coming back down the road. He wasn't trotting along, as he should have been. He was coming slow, limping a little. I jumped up and waddled out to meet him, and when I got close I pretty near tumbled over in a faint.

My champ was busted up worse than a baby carriage hit by a five-ton truck. I'd seen enough beaten-up guys to be able to tell that Billy hadn't been struck by lightning, or tossed down a mine shaft, or been bumped into by a bus. Those marks on him were fistprints.

"For the love of Dempsey, what happened?" I asked. "Were you ganged?"

"Yep," said Billy.
 "Know who did it?"
 "Nope."
 "Big gang?"
 "Yep."
 "Did you start it?"
 "Nope."

Which was about all the remarks he had to make on the subject.

I TELL you, son, I was mad. Billy had a cracked rib, and he'd be on the shelf a couple of months at least, and he'd lost his grin, and I was afraid the trimming had hit him where it hurts a youngster, smack in the confidence.

I got hold of the sheriff and got him to post up some bills offering a \$500 reward for the arrest and conviction of the lads who jumped Billy. I can't say Billy was much help. He couldn't make up his mind whether it was two men who'd leaped aboard him, or twenty, and the best he could do in the way of a description was to say that they were big, dark, rough-looking bozos, and the sheriff said he couldn't hardly be expected to arrest half the state of Montana.

They'd sold a lot of tickets for the shindig, and didn't want to call it off, so the promoters began to burn up the wires, hunting for a sub. I left battered Billy out at the camp, resting as bad as could be expected, and went into

a hotel in Bozeman to do a little quiet moaning in my room about the sour break I'd had and the loss of the twenty-five hundred we'd been guaranteed for the go. After my three after-dinner cigars in the lobby, I decided to go up to my room and soak away my sorrow in a hot tub.

When I opened my bathroom door I had a shock. There was a nice, big, deep tub in the room, but it was not empty. Somebody was in it, and the noise I'd thought was the plumbing was him snoring.

I took a long, hard look at my young visitor. My first thought was that my trouble had gone upstairs and weakened my brain; for the lad in the tub was a dead ringer for Bob Fitzsimmons in his younger days. Still, I was reasonably certain it couldn't be Bob because I'd been to his funeral. I stared a bit harder and saw that old Fitz was a collar ad compared with this fella, and you remember that Fitz wouldn't have won a beauty contest in a monkey house.

My caller's head was like a pineapple in size but not as handsome, and he had the largest, brightest and most freckles I ever saw on a human being—if such he was—before or since. But I'm no movie director. Shoulder muscles mean more to me than all the pretty pans in the world, and this boy had 'em, those long, thick, snake-like ones which put power in a punch. The tub was big, but he overflowed it and his arms dangled over the sides and on the ends of them were hands big enough to palm a cantaloupe. I guessed he'd seen about twenty-five tough summers and worse winters.

I GAVE him a nudge and he opened his eyes. He was the most completely cross-eyed guy anybody ever saw.

"I beg your pardon, friend," I said, "but my contract with this hotel calls for the exclusive use of this tub by me, personally. If I invited you to come and live in it, I must have forgotten about it; I've a lot on my mind these days—"

"Your name's Cooney," he said, as if he was telling me something.

"I'm glad to know it," I said, "but is that a reason for cluttering up my tub?"

"I want five hundred dollars," he said. "What for? For breaking in the tub?" I asked.

"For that reward."

I got interested then.

"So you know the gang that manhandled Billy Bean?" I said.

"Sure."

"And you can prove they did it?"

"Sure."

"Who was it?"

"Will I get the reward?"

"Yes."

"Cross your heart?"

He was serious.

I crossed my heart.

"All right then," he said. "I'll tell you who did it. It was me."

"Stop trying to kid me in my own tub," I said. "A pro like Billy would make fish-cakes out of you."

"Ask him," said this cartoon. "If he won't admit it, I'll go and make him."

I rang up Billy on the phone.

"Listen, Billy," I said, "there's a cock-eyed, speckled missing link down here who claims he handed you that pasting. Shall I bring him over and let you call him a liar to his face?"

"Nope," said Billy.

I gasped.

"Did he do it, then?" I asked.

"Yep," said Billy, and hung up.

By the time I had finished phoning, the stranger had dressed and was stretched on my bed, fast asleep, making a noise like a dozen teakettles. I woke him up. He had on one of those suits I thought didn't exist any more, the kind they used to sell at general stores in the country for nine dollars a copy, with a hat, a watch and all the gingersnaps you could eat thrown in.

"So," I said, "you're the party that beat up Billy Bean. Why did you do it?"

"On account of my girl, Sally," he said.

"Oho!" I said. "So that's it?"

I was puzzled. Billy never had any time for dames.

"I didn't know he knew any Sally out this way," I said.

"He didn't," said this freckled egg. "She ain't around here."

"How did he get to know her then?"

"He didn't know her."

"Then how could he do anything to make you mad?"

"He didn't exactly do anything," said this comic valentine, "but he looked like the sort of fella who might if he did know her."

"I understand perfectly," I said. "That's the best reason for assault and battery I've heard this year."

"Now give me the five hundred," he said. "I got to be going down to the bird store."

"So that's where you come from?" I said.

He didn't look mad, just hurt, terribly hurt.

"I don't come from no such place," he said, "but I promised the birds that when I got some money I'd buy 'em and set 'em free. Now give me that five hundred. You crossed your heart, you know."

"Yes," I admitted, "so I did. But there's a little matter you've overlooked. That reward is for the arrest and conviction of the assailants, meaning yourself. I'd hate to deprive the world of you, friend, but it looks like you were going to spend the next five summers in a nice, cool jail."

WITH that, all of a sudden, he started to bawl out loud, like a husky three-year-old kid that's sat down on a bum-blebee.

"Don't do that," he blubbered. "Look, I'll give you my jackknife. It's got ten blades in it, with a corkscrew, a nail file and a button hook and everything."

He fished the knife out of his pocket and held it out to me.

"No bribery," I said sternly. "The law must take its course, or else—"

I'd been doing a little fast thinking and it was about those shoulder muscles and Billy Bean's caved-in rib.

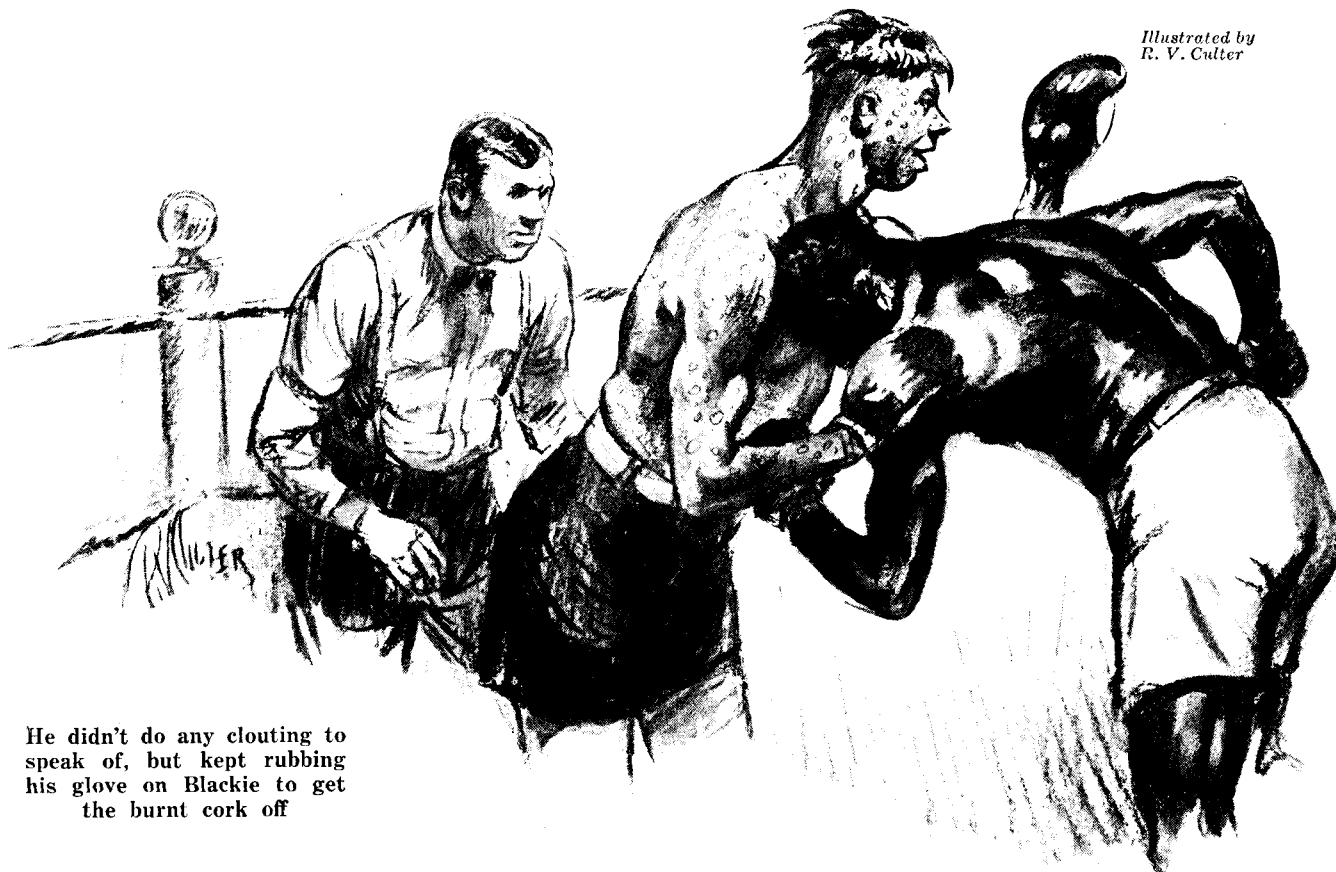
"I don't wanna go to jail," he wailed. "Please don't send me. I'll be good."

"You got one chance," I said. "You've spoiled the boy who was to fight Shark Bajado tomorrow night. You got to bat for him."

He rubbed his dome.

"Tomorrow night?" he said. "Gee, I can't be there. I planned to spend the evening teaching a parrot to talk."

"Finish up Shark early then," I said,



He didn't do any clouting to speak of, but kept rubbing his glove on Blackie to get the burnt cork off

Illustrated by
R. V. Culter

"and you won't have to keep the parrot waiting."

He thought this over.

"I guess that'll be all right," he decided.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Puddin'-tame, ask me again and I'll tell you the same," he said, and stuck out his tongue at me.

"Have you boxed much before, Mr. Tame?" I said, to kid him.

"I was fooling," he said. "My name is Caspar Crump. No, I don't believe in punching other people for money. I only fight when I got a good reason. Did you say this fellow you want me to lick was a big, light-complected man named Lambert?"

"No," I said.

"Too bad," said he. "I like to lick light-complected guys named Lambert."

"You be on hand at the arena at nine tomorrow night," I said, "ready to fight a dark-complected guy named Bajado, or I'll get the sheriff after you."

"All right," he said. "Say, gimme two dollars, will you?"

"What for?"

"I saw a young hoot-owl down to the bird store and I want to buy him."

I gave him the two berries. I guess I must have been hypnotized by that time.

"You're a sport," he said, "and just for that I'm going to show you what I'm going to do to that fella tomorrow night."

He hopped up from the bed, grabbed a pillow in his right hand, held it against the door at arm's length, and let drive with his left fist. There was a splintering sound and he pulled the pillow aside and there in the thick hotel door was a long crack. A cross-eyed south-paw! Sweet birds of love! Right then I should have beat it away fast.

"Good night," he said, and started for the window. He was halfway out before I got hold of his coat-tails.

"What's the idea?" I shouted.

"There's a door to this room."

"I never use doors," he said. "One brought me bad luck once."

With that he twisted out of my grasp and scrambled down three stories along a pipe.

AT THE fight club the following night I was doing a nervous jig in the dressing-room at nine, for Caspar hadn't turned up. It was ten minutes past before he tapped on the door.

"I got here early," he said, "but I had a hard job finding a window."

I yanked him into the room, and threw some gloves and trunks on him, and hustled him upstairs to the ring. He was just about to square off with Shark when he popped out of the ring and loped down the aisle toward the dressing-room.

"Hey," I hollered, "where you going?"

"Forgot something," he called back.

Five minutes crept by and the crowd began to buzz with razzberries and unpleasant comments. So I went down to the dressing-room, and there in a corner sat my wonder man, watching a spider do his stuff on a fly.

"Hey, lummo," I bellowed, "what did you forget?"



The crowd was goggle-eyed. Under his robe was a suit that would have called out the fire department

"When I got down here," he said, "I forgot what I forgot."

"You come up to the ring," I roared, "and don't forget to duck."

"But this is June," he said.

There wasn't time to figure that one out, so I shoved him upstairs.

The Shark knew some boxing and was fairly fast, and he came skipping out and led with his left, a silly thing to do against a south-paw. The next thing that happened was the big Mex was jerked back into his own corner as if his seconds had him on an elastic band. I never saw a man come out and go back so quick. Caspar Crump had just fanned out once with his left and cracked the Shark on his crystal chin.

Caspar didn't wait while they counted the Shark out. He sprinted right back to the dressing-room, and was in his clothes when I got there.

"Good-by," he said. "I don't have to go to jail now, do I? Say, let me have ten dollars, will you? I know where I can buy a cage of magpies."

"Listen," I said, "see me at the hotel tomorrow morning, and I'll fix it so you can buy ostriches by the carload. Any lad who can smack the way you can has a future, no matter what else ails him."

"Did you say 'ostriches'?" he asked.

"Yes. Or humming birds, if you prefer."

"I'll be there," he said, "unless—"

He turned and darted away.

I was helping myself to some sweet dreams next morning when I felt a sharp twinge of pain in my nose and heard an unearthly voice screeching in my ear:

"Good morning, Mr. Cooney, good morning to you."

I woke quicker than the world's record and took a swing at a large, beady-eyed green parrot that was just about

to take another nip at my smeller. She fluttered away and perched on the footboard of my bed and squawked:

"Good morning, dear teacher, good morning to you."

I blinked and looked round the room and there in a chair sat Crump, grinning and very proud and pleased.

"I taught her that last night," he said.

"What time is it?" I growled.

"Six o'clock."

I DIDN'T need to ask him how he got in. I'd locked the door but left my window open.

I put it to Caspar whether he wanted to take a whirl at the fight game for better or worse.

"Might as well," he said. "It's as easy as pitching hay and milking cows. I ain't got a home or folks."

So I shipped Billy Bean out to Los Angeles to rest up, and he became a movie director and never fought any more—in the ring, that is, and I started out on a tour with Caspar Crump.

His baggage consisted of the parrot and a bag of bird seed. In Seattle, I arranged to have him tangle with a likely local heavy named Lumberjack Gooch, a bull of the woods, and tough as a Yukon winter. It would be a real test for Caspar. If he was a bum, I wanted to find it out quick, before I frittered away any more time and patience on him.

I thought the mob would lynch us after the first round. They played tag all over the ring, and the Lumberjack was "it." Caspar didn't do any hitting. He just ran round and round the ring, with the big tree man trying to catch him. The referee came over after Caspar had run about nine miles and growled:

"Say, what's the idea?"

"I'm tiring him out," said Caspar.

"He ain't the only one," said the referee. "Cut the marathon and fight, or I'll throw you out."

"Why should I?" said Caspar. "His name ain't Lambert."

"Yes, it is," I put in, tipping the ref a wink. "It used to be Lambert, but he changed it to Gooch to be stylish. Ain't that so, Mr. Referee?"

"Sure," said the ref.

"Oh," said Caspar, "that's different."

He walked out when the bell rang and waded into the Lumberjack. I felt sorry for Gooch. How can you tell where a cross-eyed south-paw is looking or is going to hit? Caspar was as clumsy as a soused moose in a glass-ware store, and the Lumberjack got dizzy watching him, and finally Caspar connected. Gooch was knocked as cold as an iron bridge on Christmas Eve.

CASPAR and I meandered here and there over our noble land, and all I had to do was handle the coin, help him pick up experience, and keep him out of jail. The pounds began to drop off me like pippins off a tree.

My first problem was to get him to go through doors. He just naturally

shied away from them like a mustang from a rattlesnake, and that made it kind of inconvenient. At last, though, I worked out a system. When he had to go through a door, I'd go in first and scout around and make sure there were no lions or tigers lurking behind it; then I'd come out and collect Caspar and tow him in, he keeping close behind me.

I couldn't break him of the bird habit. First and last I traveled with everything that's got feathers. I had more than one egg laid in my hat on that trip. What jack we made I split, on the level, with Caspar, but I didn't give him much of it at a time. I banked his share. If he got his hands on as much as fifty bucks, he was apt to streak to the nearest bird store and buy up all the canaries, love birds, toucans, talking crows and what-was-there, and turn 'em loose; or worse, bring some of 'em along with him.

I found that out when we got flung out of a hotel in Tacoma on account of his keeping thirty turtle doves in his room. Nothing could make him part with that wretched parrot, and I'm a big-hearted chump but I certainly did get to hate that bird and I can't say she ever learned to love me in a large way. Many a night's sleep I lost what with her flying into my room and screaming "Fire!" in my ear or sneaking up and taking a nip at my nose or ear or anything handy. It got so bad I had to sleep with my head under the covers and that don't put sparkle in a man's eyes.

Why did I stand for all this monkey business? I'll tell you. In San Francisco we fought Lew Lapinski, and Lew was a veteran war-horse who'd held his own with Dempsey, Wills and Tunney. After Lew had sampled one of Caspar's piston-rod lefts and taken a short, deep nap, he offered to buy Caspar from me at my own price. And Lew knew his leather goods. (Continued on page 41)

Dry Eyes on Hoover

By Walter Davenport

F. Scott McBride, calm and good-natured administrator of the Anti-Saloon League

Congress has appropriated \$13,000,000 for the prohibition bureau this year. If Mr. Hoover wants six times that amount he can have it. The Anti-Saloon League says so. F. Scott McBride, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Wayne B. Wheeler has fallen, says: "If the high point in enforcement is not reached within the coming four years Mr. Hoover is going to be painfully embarrassed four years hence."

All photos by Harris & Ewing



AS RECENTLY as four years ago the Anti-Saloon League of America, speaking from its national legislative headquarters in the Bliss Building in Washington, was talking in positives.

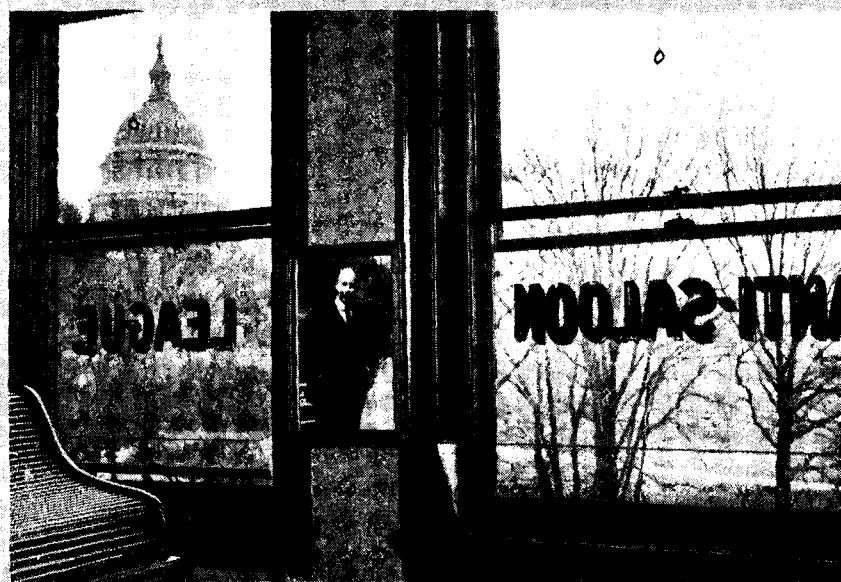
Even more disconcerting to those who objected to its power, its creed, its aims and its methods (and I do not refer solely to the Wets), the league spoke as a dictator. The exceedingly able Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, then general superintendent of the league, was virtually dictating appointments to all important governmental jobs which had to do with the enforcement of the Volstead act and seeing to it that holders of such places who had lost their enthusiasm for enforcement were either removed forthwith or were made to feel that continuance in the job was hardly worth the trouble which went with it.

Mr. Wheeler, who has since died, left to his own memory that sort of monument that all ambitious men crave. He not only forced reluctant legislators to do the dry bidding but apparently he made them like it. Even his political and personal enemies in Washington seemed eager to tell me that he was a great man, a great lawyer, a great politician. But as a capstone for this monument they say:

"He was a sincere man who sacrificed to his conscience and his beliefs a large fortune that he might have made as a corporation lawyer, or large honors which would have been his had he turned his political acumen to office-seeking and holding."

Mr. Wheeler, the militant doctrinaire, achieved all this success against formidable odds. There were in Congress a considerable number of loud and long-distance-speaking Wets. Further, there were a great many representatives of dry constituencies who were more than willing to dodge prohibition enforcement issues by absenting themselves from Capitol Hill when voting was in order.

But even worse for Mr. Wheeler, there had been nothing in the victory of Mr.



Between the windows of Mr. McBride's office, through which the Capitol can be seen, hangs a picture of the rampageous crusader, the late Wayne B. Wheeler

Coolidge over Mr. Davis that could be construed as a wet and dry referendum. Both pretenders to the Presidency had run dry (in every sense of the term) and both parties were in platform sympathy with the Eighteenth Amendment. There was much drinking in Washington, as there is now, and even in the Senate and the House of Representatives it was a simple matter to detect a brisk alcoholic flavor in the air after a prolonged debate upon matters of enforcement.

The New Chief's Heritage

Therefore, with matters like that, Mr. Wheeler had to be firm. He had to be dictatorial. He had to be autocratic. He had to wield his whip with such vigor that its crack could be heard above the barrages and counter-barrages of oratory. He had to use threats. But genius won.

In a remarkably brief time scores of once willful but now obsequious statesmen were killing the grass along the shortest route between the Capitol and Mr. Wheeler's modest offices. Such was

the power and courage and single-mindedness of the man.

Those modest offices in the Bliss Building are today occupied by Mr. F. Scott McBride. Mr. McBride succeeded to Mr. Wheeler's desk and Mr. Wheeler's title—General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America. But he did not succeed wholly to Mr. Wheeler's place. Frankly, he hasn't had to. A keenly intelligent man, Mr. McBride took what Mr. Wheeler created and has adapted it to the recent Presidential contest with alertness and shrewdness.

And now, as we are wont to say of men before whom a happy and friendly vista rolls evenly as far as the horizon, Mr. McBride is sitting pretty.

"It is for Mr. Hoover, as President, to enforce prohibition; not the Anti-Saloon League," says Mr. McBride with satisfaction.

"Naturally," I said, "the Anti-Saloon League will have a program of enforcement ready to give to Mr. Hoover immediately he takes office."

"No," said Mr. McBride, "it will not. The Anti-Saloon League and the Drys of

the thirty-one other church and social organizations which have worked with us for prohibition have much to be thankful for. Particularly is the Anti-Saloon League happy in the outcome of the Presidential election. The Anti-Saloon League has never been what its enemies have called it—a super-government. The Wets were loud and insistent in attributing to us powers that we did not have and did not seek.

No Pretensions to Power

"They were forever saying that we were afraid of a referendum on the wet-dry issue, that we magnified the temper of the people of the United States, that we represented a minority of Americans and that we ruled Congress by terrorism. That, my friend, was sheer bunk—the bunk of the demagogue, of the poor sport, of the malcontent."

"The Anti-Saloon League knew and knows that if our enemies were able to engineer us into that position where it was possible for them to say to us: 'All right, you have put the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act over; now enforce them'—we knew and know that if enforcement were thrust upon us that we would be in a desperate position—that we would be on the chute."

"If we had aspired to or achieved the unhappy estate of super-government, our enemies could have told us to go ahead and enforce. But they knew that we were not a super-government and that such a place was not only to be avoided but to be fought off."

"We never asked that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act be made a matter for referendum to the people. Perhaps we knew that the day would come when prohibition would automatically be referred to the voters. I dare say many Drys believed this inevitable."

Mr. McBride paused to rummage through a few piles of printed documents. His is a leisurely manner and wholly good-natured. He hasn't the

nervous dynamite that made Wayne Wheeler feared. Probably he lacks some of Mr. Wheeler's versatility, incisiveness, rapid adaptability and snap. But you quickly gather that Mr. McBride need attend nobody's school for politics and that it would be quite as easy to shoulder the Congressional Library off its broad base as to swerve Mr. McBride from duty. Mr. Wheeler was a rampaging crusader; Mr. McBride is a calm administrator.

From where we sat in his office—a dark, slightly musty and wholly antiquated chamber furnished with roll-tops and tables and chairs of the General Grant period—we could see several straggling streams of men and women trickling across Capitol Park and into the huge white edifice therein; in a few minutes Congress was to start its daily droning.

"Well," said Mr. McBride, smiling indulgently, "we have had the referendum. We have to thank Governor Smith for it, I guess, although the country may thank God for its ability to realize and handle its opportunity.

Hoover the New Dry Hope

"Governor Smith has since denied that the election was a referendum on the prohibition issue. It would be idle to debate that. Whether it was a referendum in his opinion is immaterial; millions of voters believed it to be and they went to the polls in unprecedented numbers. They overwhelmed Governor Smith, whose telegram to the adjourning convention at Dallas was his first notice to the country that he would do nothing to aid the cause of prohibition and whose subsequent speeches removed any lingering doubt.

"It might not have been a referendum had Mr. Hoover kept silent. But Mr. Hoover said to the country that he wished to see prohibition succeed. He made it plain that the Drys of America must vote for him. And for Mr. Hoover they voted.

"Is it clear? Do you see, my friend, what happened? Well, by an overwhelming vote which surely included all the Drys' ballots, Mr. Hoover was elected. Into his capable hands the Drys of America placed their cause. To him they appealed from the wet threat which was Governor Smith.

"Mind you, I do not say that the Drys alone elected Mr. Hoover. But we do say that the millions of Drys voted for

him. Millions. And at the same time those millions of dry votes removed from Congress an impressive number of able gentlemen who were the voices of the Wets—gentlemen to whom we may attribute sincerity and honesty of purpose and conviction. They lost because they were wet and their constitutions were dry and growing drier.

"And now you come to me asking whether the Anti-Saloon League has a program to present to Mr. Hoover—or what program we will write.

"We have none. We do not presume to dictate to Mr. Hoover. We can no longer be charged with being a super-government nor with ambitions in that direction. The people have told Mr. Hoover that they want enforcement and we assume that Mr. Hoover will not ignore them.

"We shall merely give Mr. Hoover to understand—as he probably already understands—that we shall give him all our aid in his enforcement program. Congress has appropriated \$13,000,000 for enforcement. If more should be needed it will be included in the deficiency bills.

"Over yonder on Capitol Hill we, the Drys, know 329 of the 435 members of the House and 79 or 80 of the 96 senators who will vote for any dry legislation that we advocate.

"Knowing that, we can safely say to Mr. Hoover that we can guarantee him against embarrassment by Congress in putting enforcement into vigorous effect. If he needs twice \$13,000,000 he can have it. If he needs three or six times that amount he can have it. The Drys of America, through their overwhelming majority in Congress, assure the new President of this. The Anti-Saloon of America is merely the organization, the voice, of millions of votes. The Women's Christian Temperance Union's voice in its cry for enforcement is indistinguishable from ours. Thirty-five years ago the Anti-Saloon League was seeking only to educate. That education was greedily absorbed. Presently the Anti-Saloon League was instrumental in the passage of national prohibition legislation.

What Will Happen in 1932?

"Today, with that legislation on the nation's books and the process of education having developed to amazing proportions, the people have gladly accepted the challenge of the Wets, led

by Governor Smith. And they have said to Mr. Hoover:

"Enforce. We are with you. We will help you."

"We look forward to Mr. Hoover's Presidency. We expect that prohibition enforcement will reach its highest efficiency during the coming four years. We believe in Mr. Hoover and believe that he is wholly conscious of this mandate of the Drys.

"We believe that if we are mistaken in this, if this high point in enforcement is not reached within the coming four years, that Mr. Hoover is going to be



Louis C. Cramton, representative from Michigan, one of the chief dry leaders of Congress, has sponsored many of the minor dry laws



Gale H. Stalker, representative from New York, is backing a bill which takes bootlegging out of the misdemeanor class and puts it amongst felonies

painfully embarrassed four years hence.

"And we, the Drys, will be painfully embarrassed too. It will mean that we have been remiss or perhaps negligent. It may mean that we have not given Mr. Hoover the necessary support. It may mean that we shall have to adopt another program. This is certain: The country has elected to be dry and it has rejected him who would see it wet—who was out of sympathy with prohibition.

"Therefore we, the Anti-Saloon League of America, have no program as such. It is for Mr. Hoover to have a program, a plan. I speak of a program of enforcement, of course. We have had legislative programs in the past. We may have legislative programs in the future. But now we have entrusted enforcement to the victor in a prohibition referendum. If Mr. Hoover requires more legislation he has but to ask for it. Whatever money his program calls for will be forthcoming. We await Mr. Hoover."

One was bound to be impressed with the power represented by this easy-going, easy-mannered and readily smiling man. Now and then, as I sat in his ugly office with its antiquated equipment, the telephone called him and he exchanged gentle pleasantries with congressmen and senators who, apparently, had desired advice. Or perhaps they were reporting. You couldn't tell. It was different with Mr. Wheeler. The character of what Mr. Wheeler heard by telephone was instantly reflected in his face and manner. Mr. McBride struck me as being surer of his ground. Of course, Mr. Wheeler never enjoyed the hand-made situation that is Mr. McBride's. I don't think that Mr. Wheeler would have relished so little active opposition.

"Before this latest Presidential election," said Mr. McBride, "we were extremely lucky to have fifty per cent of the church vote out at elections. But this

time, thanks to Governor Smith's determination to make it a referendum, the church vote was aroused to action. I haven't the figures immediately at hand but I dare say that through the country something like the situation in Cook County, Ill., came about. Between 90 and 100 per cent of the church vote came forth there—and voted for Mr. Hoover. Voted dry.

Advice from the Experts

"Understand me. The Anti-Saloon League will not be satisfied to sit idly by waiting for Mr. Hoover to accomplish a gigantic task alone. We shall be very glad to lend him whatever assistance he may desire from us.

"For example, we shall be glad to give our views on any measures he may contemplate. Necessarily our grasp of the dry situation is comprehensive and more intimate than his can be. He will have many problems to solve and he will need advice. We rather expect that he will not appoint to important enforcement posts men who, in our esteem, lack those qualities of sympathy and firmness and courageous honesty so essential in such positions. There will be federal judges to appoint and we look for Mr. Hoover to appoint men who, among their other qualifications, desire that all the laws be enforced and who do not arrogate unto themselves the right to emasculate any portion of it. We could not, naturally, applaud the appointment of a man who was not wholly in sympathy with enforcement.

"We will support Mr. Hoover's efforts to reframe our treaty with Canada whereby the liquor which is coming into the United States will be stopped. In short, we await Mr. Hoover and are at his service.

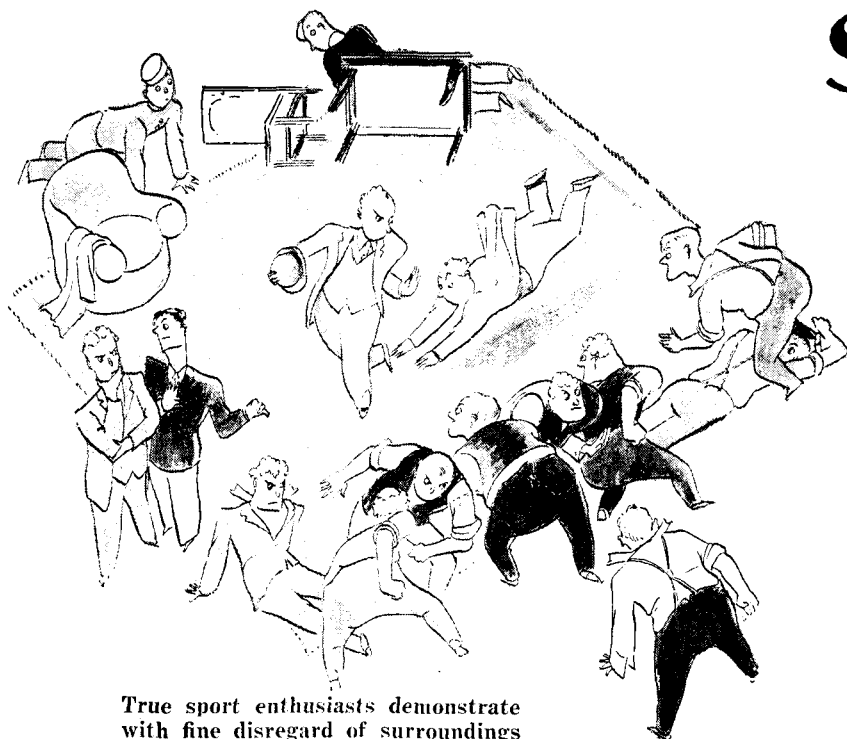
"We have never enjoyed nor sought political patronage and do not and will not now. I mean by that, that we as Drys expect no (Continued on page 24)



The Bliss Building in Washington, across from the Capitol, houses the national legislative headquarters of the Anti-Saloon League of America

Sound and Fury

By Grantland Rice



True sport enthusiasts demonstrate with fine disregard of surroundings

DRIPPING in at one of the big-league gatherings where a collection of somewhat noted ball players were massed in one group I attempted to open some sort of an argument about baseball. In less than a minute one ball player advanced an idea about the correct way to play a mashie shot—and baseball, as a topic, went into a tail-spin.

A little while later on I met a fellow at lunch who wanted to show a new grip he had invented. I discovered later that he had even brought a golf club along, and after lunch when we reached the lobby of the hotel he immediately put on a demonstration, although the lobby was pretty well bunkered with a flock of guests, moving back and forth. His back swing knocked off some passer-by's hat and just missed another's ear. Both were on the point of making a violent personal assault on the golfer who had nearly maimed them, but he never even knew they were calling him a number of far from polite names.

That's about the way golf seems to get you, once you are concerned and captured by the spell of the game.

When Dempsey was training for his second Tunney fight in Chicago a number of alert correspondents rushed out to talk it all over with Leo P. Flynn, Dempsey's chief handler. They discovered Mr. Flynn practicing mashie shots at a target he had planted some 130 yards away. It was only with considerable reluctance that Leo finally tossed aside his mashie and began to answer queries about Dempsey's condition.

When I ran across Gene Tunney last winter in the South, it was always an effort to get him talking fight. But when golf was mentioned there was an immediate gleam in his eye, and within ten seconds he was illustrating a new way to get distance.

The Office is a Wreck

Later on a well-known motion-picture magnate asked if I would drop in to talk over a plan for a reel. It was to be a golf reel. When I walked into his office I ducked just in time to miss a golf ball that had rebounded from a near-by wall. This wall was full of dents and nicks and abrasions. So was the office furniture. There were a dozen old balls around the room which he had hammered from the carpet against the wall, or a desk, or possibly a chair. His secretary had learned to handle a typewriter with her eyes focused on flying objects and not on the machine. The

office was a wreck. And this is no cross section of imagination. It was just exactly that way.

Discussion of the reel finally came up—an hour later. "You can't make any money out of that sort of golf instruction reel," I said. "I know I can't," he replied, "but if I take it home maybe I can learn some golf from it." And the entire cost was only to be \$3,000.

I decided that golf won the cuckoo championship when it came right down to the 100 per cent filibert class.

Then later on in the winter I ran into a group of football coaches and old football players.

In a short while I began to think that after all golf was possibly one of the sanest of all sports on the conversational side, in spite of the millions of words used up on this subject every day or so.

This football gathering started at four o'clock one afternoon. I left it at 20 minutes past six o'clock the next morning just as another violent debate had opened. Most of them had been there in one spot for 14 hours and they were just warming up.

One afternoon at Illinois Bob Zuppke and Fielding Yost started a debate just after practice, around five o'clock. That night at 11 o'clock two figures were silhouetted against the moonlight, waving their arms back and forth as the steady hum of the conversational motors swept across the field.

Golf can put up a good fight when it comes to the burning enthusiasm of its adherents, but football has it beaten. Bob Zuppke of Illinois, who is also a painter and a philosopher, is one of the keenest of all the gridiron debaters, no matter what the topic. Zuppke can blend art and philosophy with his football debates so that Nowack, Grange, Spinoza and Schopenhauer advance in a massed front of argument, and the Illinois coach isn't guessing.

There is something about football that goes deep into the soul of those who teach it and play it—especially those who teach it. It is the most engrossing of all the professions. A football coach starts in to teach a year or two and then quits. But he is still hard at it 20 or 30 years later, even when he could make more money at some other and easier job.

Knute Rockne of Notre Dame is under heavy pressure almost the year around. He has his spring training and

Enthusiasm will get you yet. At any moment you may be maimed or deafened by an enthusiastic golfer. But that's nothing to the risk you run from frantic football fans

instruction, his summer schools of coaching, and then always a long, hard schedule that swings from one coast to the other, in the course of which he usually meets the leaders in each section.

Worked into a Froth

I recall visiting him once in a summer training school late in August. He was working from nine in the morning to five in the afternoon and was pretty well worn out. Yet he was at the edge of one of his hardest seasons with a green team to handle through a hard campaign. Stagg started coaching 39 years ago, Pop Warner 34 years ago, many others from 25 to 30 years ago. And they seem to be a trifle keener about the work today than they were at the start.

Fighters, ball players, tennis players, track and field athletes, swimmers, polo and hockey players are all on the conservative side when compared to frenzied enthusiasts of football and golf.



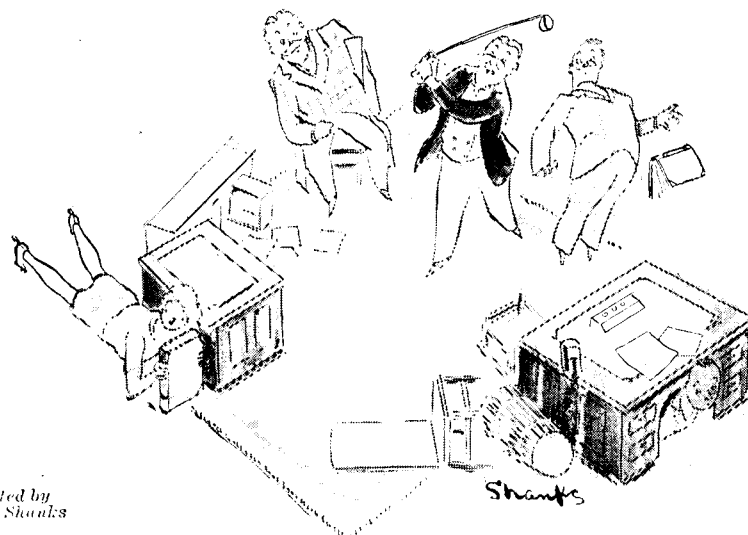
A sporting writer has to keep in condition now or else go to the hospital. A while back a football coach dropped in at the office to talk over some outside matter. Within five minutes, I was trying to block charges from both the right and left side made in order that I might understand the vital weaknesses in the line play of certain big Eastern teams.

About an hour later a well-known golf professional dropped in and once more there was an active demonstration of certain golfing faults. "Let's see you swing," said the pro. I swung. "Just as I thought," he said. "Not enough body turn and too much weight on the left leg at the top of the swing. Most of it ought to be on the right," and I was then spun around like a top with the exaggeration needed to plant the right idea more firmly. Also there was a twisting of shoulders and certain other calisthenics that were no light strain on any muscular system. Kicking your left ankle to get the left foot around, rapping the knee with the head or shaft of a golf club to make it bend at the right moment are only a few of the simpler details.

I haven't found so many football coaches who agree with the pet theories of other coaches and I haven't found so many leading golfers who agree with the ideas of other golfers. And out of the welter of words resulting from this disagreement I have found almost no opinions changed in the slightest.

The football noncombatant, however, is far more frenzied than the camp follower of any other sport. He gets worked into a froth on the slightest provocation. He is less addicted to reason and normal fairness than any other sporting fan. His pet player or his team or his section almost never gets a square deal from anyone. In this latter respect the players and the coaches are more normal than the camp-followers or the sideliners of football.

Football and golf are the two most frenzied of all the sports, the two that start more arguments than all the others put together.



Illustrated by George Shanks

The Last Trick

By John B. Kennedy

The Great Alexander was a very clever man. But even he slipped—just once

THE GREAT ALEXANDER was his stage name, as anybody more than twenty-five years of age should remember. Not even the managers who engaged him knew his baptismal name, if he had ever been baptized—which is doubtful, for he professed some sort of Mithraic religion and affected a turban when in mufti.

Each year The Great Alexander perfected and produced some new trick that bewildered audiences throughout the world and baffled his confrères of the profession of the magic wand. He despised the more obvious mechanical and physical puzzles—cabinet vanishings, waterspouts from solid objects like swords or stagehands' heads, or bowls of swimming goldfish and nets of fluttering doves produced apparently from nowhere.

It was The Great Alexander's boast that he blended simplicity with the elaborate. His stage setting, without which he would never perform, was glaringly gorgeous, a canvas replica of the atrium of the Alhambra. Draperies hung everywhere in a riot of color, and lights of varied tints—red and purple and blue and gold—were hung in chains and clusters, producing a brilliance at once glittering and deceptive. Only his canny assistant at the wing switches knew from his principal's labored teaching what effects these lights achieved and how and when to operate them.

ANOTHER and more daring boast of The Great Alexander's, and certainly a most expensive boast (for ideas are precious to magicians as to all artists), was that the principal trick he invented each year for his repertoire of mysteries and wonders was used for a year and then discarded, to be pirated immediately by scores of lesser magicians. Thus he jettisoned the celebrated illusion of the Living Window, which was a blank casement at one moment to be filled with the vivid drama of human life at the next, while committeemen, from the stage, gaped all about it in a vain effort to find out how the thing was done. And so with his disappearing trick, when he would stand boldly before the footlights in his black sateen tights that made him resemble the Devil in mourning.

In that astonishing trick he would seem to be reading a newspaper, drop it, stoop to pick it up. Then, warning the spectators to watch closely and uttering strange phrases, he would pick up an end of a sheet and lift it slowly as he arose. Gradually the sheet, one end of which he pinned to his forehead with a thumb, would obscure all but his hair and hand. After which, he would skillfully attach the end of another sheet to the bottom of the first and lift that slowly until his feet were hid-



As the flames leapt to a dangerous height The Great Alexander glided before the dimmed footlights and approached the fire

den from view. Then, with a loud cry, he would release both sheets. Before they collapsed to the stage he was gone, and, as the audience gasped and exclaimed, the black sateen figure would come running from the rear of the center aisle, jump clear over the orchestra and footlights, take a bow and run off the stage amid applause.

Even the cynics of show business admitted this was no small trick to abandon. They awaited eagerly his next masterpiece of illusion.

The trick before the last trick was unusually acclaimed, partly because it was truly amazing and partly because in it The Great Alexander, who had the reputation of being a recluse, for the first time employed the assistance of a girl. An unusually beautiful girl.

From where, nobody knew. Southern France, or Italy, or perhaps a North African port visited during winter. Again, she may have been one of those sporadic, semi-barbaric beauties that emerge suddenly from respectable Nordic families in England, America or Canada. She was slim, gazelle-eyed, with a swift smile like a white dagger. Her sinuous presence gave a sharp moment of delight to The Great Alexander's routine of mystery.

SHE appeared for a few moments only. On a stage veiled in soft light stood a life-size statue of Venus—not the De Milo, but a more slender, more youthfully alluring Venus. An assistant, costumed as a sculptor, gazed in rapture at the statue, caressed it with

finishing touches with a tinkling mallet. Twice he stepped back to admire his handiwork. Then, in a sudden rage, he seized a large mallet and with swift, savage blows smashed the figure, only to weep bitterly at this ruthless destruction of the beauty that did not live.

The Great Alexander then entered, clad in brilliant magician's robes. He tried to console the sculptor, who would not be comforted. Then he picked up the broken pieces of the statue, and deftly placed them together: feet, calves, a section of thighs, hips and torso, neck, and the broken arms and head.

THE sculptor stared in amazement, no less than the audience. But the climax came when the magician slapped the statue briskly on the shoulder. Her stiff arms stretched. The Great Alexander took her hand and she stepped from the pedestal—a radiant, living creature whom the sculptor ecstatically embraced.

There was piquancy, the unfailing salt of sex—so far as an illusionist dare sprinkle it on his handicraft; and the world of wonder-makers wondered, to marvel more when it became known that the magician and the girl had married. Even then The Great Alexander contrived to hide from the public his legal identity.

The next year he dropped this astonishing illusion as he had dropped many before—in that apparently wasteful but really prestige-building gesture of renunciation. Perhaps, also, he had a natural distaste for exhibiting his wife in what at least appeared to be the nude.

For this season, that brought his name most prominently and tragically before the public, The Great Alexander gave the craft of thaumaturgy the inexplicable trick called Frozen Fire. It came, of course, as the climax of his performance, following, to create contrast, a familiar cabinet illusion in which a skeleton was galvanized to life to execute a grimly comic dance.

In the center of a stage plunged in darkness there suddenly appeared a floating ball of fire, which grew and grew into a revolving mass of living red and yellow flame, gashing the darkness with wild light. The proximity of this unwholly furnace gave audiences gleeful thrills of mock terror. As the flames leapt to a dangerous height The Great Alexander glided before the dimmed footlights and approached the fire.

He disrobed to black sateen tights, and with a careless gesture tossed his white turban into the heart of the flames, which visibly consumed it. Then, with a grimace and bow to the audience and a shrill, unintelligible cry, he ran quickly and plunged into the flames. There came a horrifying, sizzling sound, almost instantly the stage lighted and the black figure was revealed—sealed in a huge cake of dripping ice. The orchestra burst into crescendo and the curtain dropped.

Hundreds of thousands witnessed this

amazing masterpiece of the art of misdirection, to tell other hundreds of thousands about it. Even the most matter-of-fact discussed it breathlessly. It remained for a comparatively small audience at a matinée performance to talk to the end of their days of a sight more amazing than this triumphant trick.

Afterward a stage manager and his staff testified that The Great Alexander had been particularly insistent about clearing all persons from the stage before he went on for that final performance. His wife, who was in the wings, did not appear. It was known that fire departments had nervously questioned him about the trick, and perhaps he had some deferred doubts of its safety himself, although he asserted to the stage manager that spies, posing as stagehands, were studying the trick, and that caused his demand for a stage empty of all others.

EVERYBODY but a trusted assistant was ordered out of wings and flies during the preliminary trick of the living skeleton in the cabinet. Then The Great Alexander, dismissing even this assistant, prepared for the Frozen Fire.

As on scores of occasions, a ball of flame punctured a wall of darkness and grew and grew into a writhing furnace. The magician entered, threw off a loose silk costume, tossed his turban to the devouring tongues of fire, stepped back uttering loud cries, and dashed headlong into the flames. The audience waited, breathless, for the transformation into a huge block of ice.

But something had, obviously, gone wrong. Flames spread outward and upward, smoke broke in wisps from black draperies, which curled and spat out other flames. These rippled swiftly along a hanging sky-piece, and suddenly there were shouts and the rush of feet on the stage. The asbestos shot down, and ushers ran the aisles warning the stirring crowd to go carefully to the exits. With the bite of smoke in their nostrils the crowd obeyed, while alarms sounded. And as the frightened spectators tumbled into the afternoon sunshine the clanging of fire apparatus greeted them.

For more than an hour a desperate fight was waged with the furious avalanche of smoke and flame. At the end of that struggle between the elements of water and fire nothing was left on the stage but charred beams and a grisly heap of ashes from which no man could pick human or other substance, save here and there a few pieces of burnt bone.

Scare-head editions of newspapers excitedly announced the tragic end of The Great Alexander. His assistant was found. He had fled in the panic. He declared the magician had ordered him to leave the stage before the consummation of the trick, implying that a trusted confederate of many years did not escape suspicion of being a spy.

The magician's widow was interviewed. Her beauty had much to do with the maudlin post-mortems printed at length regarding the tragedy.

A perfunctory investigation by the police resulted in a verdict that the magician's zeal for secrecy, prompted

by fear of espionage on his newest and greatest feat, had cost him his life. Which verdict his wife, and also his assistant, corroborated by attesting that they did not see how the trick could by any possibility be done single-handed even by the marvelously skilled Alexander.

By good fortune, attributed to the magician's jealous demand that the entire stage and wings and flies be cleared of observers, no other loss of life resulted, although his loss in scenic and other fixtures was as great as the theater's. A coroner reviewed the tragedy and joined press and public in lamenting the death of the entertainer, without censuring his recklessness.

And that might have been the dismal end of the story of The Great Alexander, whose beginnings none but himself knew; but an insurance detective named Simmonds, assigned to check up the accident as a matter of routine, happened to be unusually curious. He searched carefully among the debris under scrutiny of police and firemen. He went away apparently disappointed.

NEXT to the widow and the underwriting company Detective Simmonds was possibly more interested than anybody else in a post-mortem report that The Great Alexander had his life insured for \$150,000. Yet his quite ordinary face—pudgy and pale, with a broad nose underscored by a bushy gray mustache—betrayed no emotion when he called on the magician's widow in the course of his investigation.

Overnight she had equipped herself in mourning—and black crêpe never made any woman look more chic. In a sadly attractive accent she told Sim-

monds that the insurance matter must be settled quickly as she could remain no longer in the country where her husband had perished. She planned, she said, to take the first boat back to Europe.

The detective sympathized with her, although he was obliged to inform her that on so large a policy the company reserved the right of a few days' delay before payment. Which did not suit madame at all. She railed with charming impatience; but that had no effect whatever in accelerating Simmonds.

He reported his surmises to the insurance company's common clearing house for investigators and at his own request received a full week to pursue his inquiries. These led him into all sorts of odd places; the clubhouse of the Society of Magicians, second and third but never first-rate hotels, the district attorney's office, and that bureau of the police department which maintains relations with overseas police organizations.

When the day came for the insurance settlement in favor of The Great Alexander's widow, her appearance caused a flurry in prosaic business quarters. She faced a suave vice president, who opened another window obligingly, proffered a glass of spring water and casually admired her shapely legs, which even mourning could not modify.

For half an hour the lady waited. For a full hour. She became inquisitive, angry. The vice president pleaded for patience, and that was no way in which to obtain it. A fiery woman storming at delay she did not or would not understand—when Simmonds quietly entered. The detective had stepped

in through a doorway behind the woman. He bowed apologetically, and when she threw up her veil to glare at him he made an unnecessary remark about the uncertain weather.

"Enough," she cried, in English both men well understood. "I am here to speak of only one thing: my business. I must make arrangements to sail at once."

"Of course you can," said the detective and the vice president supported him. "But we have something to say to you first."

"I will hear nothing," she flared, teeth flashing. "I require payment of my husband's insurance at once or my lawyer will act."

The vice president looked meaningfully at the detective, indicating that Simmonds should speak.

"Your husband's insurance would be paid without delay," said he, "but he hasn't gone through the formality of dying."

"Your husband is not dead," said the vice president calmly.

The woman swayed. Simmonds turned from the room, and the vice president again proffered the lady a glass of water, which she knocked from his hand. It made the rug resemble, for a few moments, a damp cat.

"Here is your husband, madame," said Simmonds from a doorway.

She turned pale as the familiar dark figure of The Great Alexander, shorn of stage majesty and resembling only a very tired man caught by man-hunters, was brought in between two plain-clothes policemen. The Great Alexander

smiled wearily at her, and she sat down, lighting a cigarette with the air of facing something inevitable.

Detective Simmonds bade the plain-clothes men retire. He placed a chair for the magician, who slumped dejectedly into it.

"It was slow work," he reported to the vice president, apparently ignoring the presence of the other two. "But here was my clue." He fished in a vest pocket and dropped a bit of charred bone on the glass-topped desk. "I found that in the debris at the fire. It's a human bone, doubtless. But the first I've ever seen with a wire tendon that could be called the remains of a living person."

THE Great Alexander stared at the fragment, then recoiled. His wife smoked on, eyes fixed on a window.

"He used a skeleton in one of his tricks," the detective continued, "and that was to be his alibi for death. But there were several bits of charred bone about, each with wire or marks of wire on it. That's why I guessed this fire was a plant."

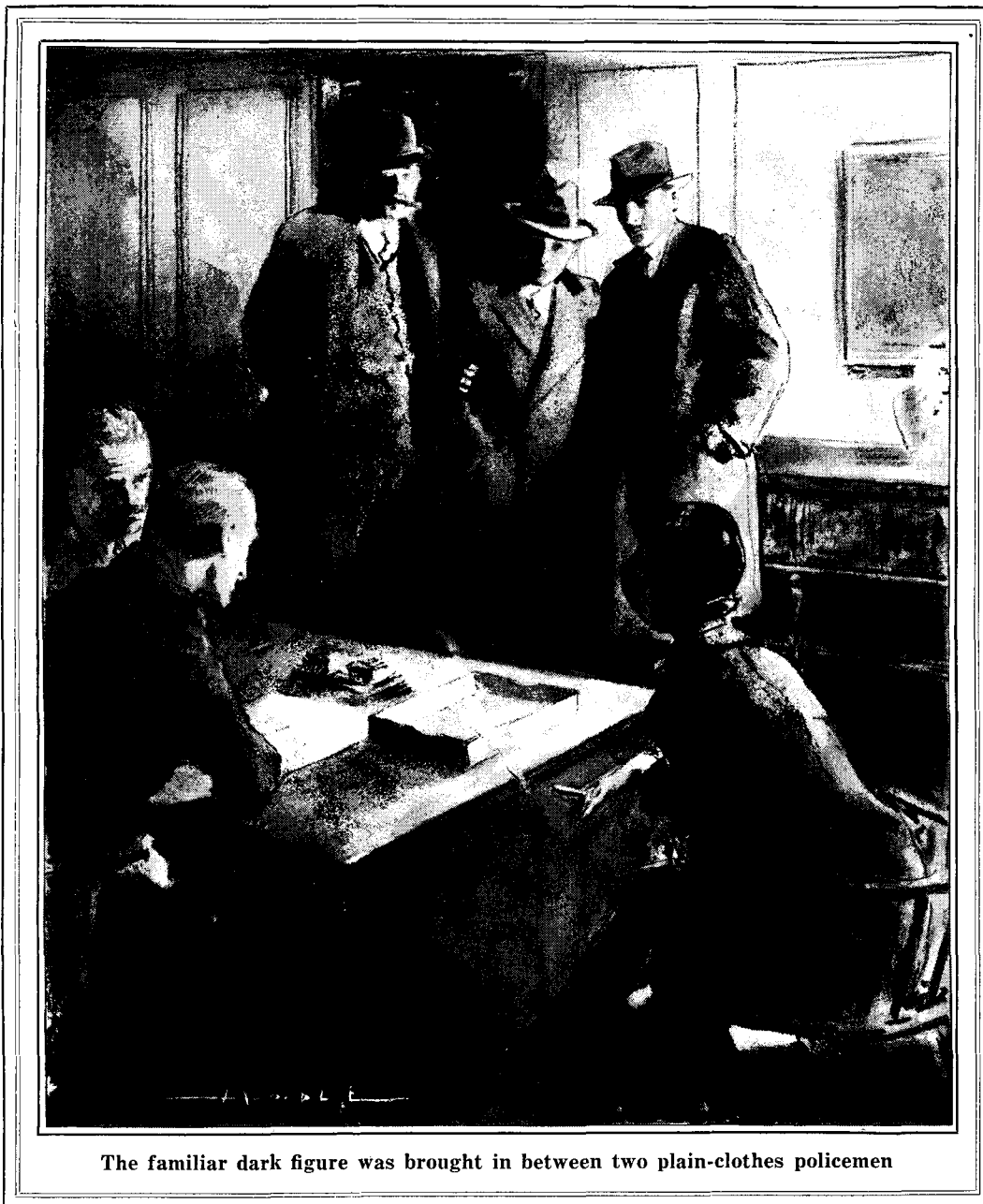
A muffled cry escaped The Great Alexander. His eyes stared wildly, his long fingers tapped the desk.

"It wasn't your insurance," he barked before anybody could restrain him. "I wanted to escape bigamy. A woman sent me a threatening letter from England."

"So?" said Simmonds coldly.

"I thought she had died years ago," said The Great Alexander.

The vice president signaled Simmonds. "Let him make his explanation," he said. "You've made yours—and a good one, judging by results."



The familiar dark figure was brought in between two plain-clothes policemen

With Rope and Gum

or, Up from the Ranch

By Ring Lardner

Another of those penetrating, intimate biographies giving you vivid pictures of great men and the things that made them great. Dr. Lardner this week turns his attention to Will Rogers. And who is better qualified to dissect the prominent rope-spinner than this painstaking biographer and scientist who devoted seven years of his learned life—seven lonely years in his attic laboratory—to the study of the Rogers fauna and flora?

Editor, Collier's Weekly,
New York, N. Y.
Gents:—

Amongst those who took a good sock in the jaw at the recent election was none other than Will Rogers, who attributes his defeat to a lack of notoriety. As Mr. Rogers expects to run again in 1932 and I take a great interest in his career having been like a mother to him since infancy, I will attempt in this space to present a few facts to the public designed to familiarize them with this diffident genius and show them what a sucker they were to overlook him so unanimously when they done their balloting.

Mr. Rogers undoubtedly could have had the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1924 only for the fact that he was not yet the required age, 35, when the convention opened. Before it was over he was 38, but by that time he had gone home.

Will was born on the Dixie Highway in Georgia and talks with a decided Southern drool. He is half Indian, half American, one third vermouth and the other two thirds wire-haired fox terrier. But he lost his own hair during a siege of rabies and the thick hirsute adornment you now observe on his skull is just a cleverly wrought coupé.

During Will's youth the highway and all other automobile roads through the state of Georgia had a terrific undertow which no make of car was able to resist. The motorist would get just so far when he would feel his vehicle sinking beneath him and himself sinking with it and no hope of rescue even though the sinking spell occurred within the sight and hearing of persons standing on either shore. Hundreds of machines and their occupants burrowed all the way to China, which the latter liked so well that they became Chinese citizens and joined the Chinese Davis Cup team. As a result, our own population was falling off to such an extent that President Buchanan ordered the Georgia legislature to devise some way, any way, by which to check the wholesale egress of Americans via the Georgia bogs.

The Poet Lariat

The legislature went into session for the first time in its life and at the end of a two years' bender appointed a committee consisting of Bobby Jones to work out a solution. At this time Georgia was famous for two things—the Hollis Girls and the manufacture of stout lynching rope. Mr. Jones decided to concentrate on the rope and in a few months' time had organized and trained a roping association, the members of which were assigned to positions at brief intervals along the dry land bordering the roads and at the first sign of a car going under, they were supposed to lasso the occupant or occupants and jerk them ashore. Medals and trophies were awarded the men making the most rescues and for a while the majority of these were won by Bill Roper, now a fairly successful football coach at Villa Nova or Rutgers.

But Mr. Roper was soon obliged to play second fiddle to a youngster named Will Rogers, whose speed and accuracy eventually earned him the title of poet lariat of Georgia.

"I guess I must have saved twenty thousand people and, from what I have heard of them since, I done China a big favor." He said this the other evening to his wife, who was asleep, as luck would have it.

One cannot live forever on medals and words of praise and young Rogers, wishing to commercialize his prowess with the rope, at length made up his mind to go to New York, which he had heard of through a mutual friend. His fame had preceded him and he had no difficulty obtaining a position as a ropeholder to keep the crowds back at parades in honor of such returning heroes as General Pershing, Admiral Dewey, Colonel E. M. House and Dr. Cook. Next he got engagements doing rope tricks in the lesser vaudeville houses, and several scouts and agents recommended him to the revue producers as capable of putting on an interesting specialty. The producers, however, could not see how a common, Wild West lassoing act would amuse an audience which had paid \$6.60 for an eyeful of Anastasia Reilly and it was not until Gene Buck discovered Mr. Rogers could talk (the others must have been stone



An hour and forty-five minutes of this and nobody walked out

deaf) that he was engaged for a stunt in the Ziegfeld Follies at a salary of \$175.00 per week.

Local Boy Makes Good

This sounds like the sort of story dreams and success articles are made of—a young man beginning an unpromising stage career at \$175.00 and gradually, over a space of fifteen years, working himself up to his present high standing and an income (including appearances on the stage and in motion pictures, lecture tours, syndicated newspaper writings and magazine stories) said to be in excess of \$11,000 per annum. In other words, an increase in weekly stipend of almost \$38!

But Mr. Rogers has not permitted his triumphs to go to his head. He is the same old Will—simple, self-effacing, diffident and so crowd-shy that when in New York he stops at the Hotel Astor.

The title of the musical in which he is now substituting for his friend Fred Stone was originally Three Beers, so christened by Will himself as a compliment to the amount of refreshment he allows himself every five minutes after each evening performance. He is almost a total abstainer from the hard stuff and only the other night he and a fellow named W. C. Fields invited me to

sup with them at a jernt where, they said, real draught beer was readily obtainable. It was an Italian place and after I had taken a sip of the beer I began to specialize in Martinis and became quite amusing to everyone but the fellow Fields, who was paying the check.

Mr. Rogers has a remarkable hold on his public, especially in the small towns where they don't know what he's talking about. I was in St. Petersburg, Fla., one night when he was giving his lecture. He was on the stage alone, just talking and chewing gum and fooling with his rope, for an hour and forty-five minutes at a stretch, and nobody walked out. This either beats or ties my own record. I collaborated on a play which ran two hours a performance and there were several performances where hardly anybody walked in.

When Will went into the movies he built himself a palatial house in Hollywood, about the size of the Fairbanks' shower bath, and was soon elected mayor of the town. Following the excellent example of up-to-date mayors, he proceeded to leave home and stay away for months at a time, but few residents of the famous motion picture colony will ever forget the wild parties he threw during the few nights he was in Beverly Hills. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, as I may (Continued on page 43)



While in New York Will Rogers pals around with Andy Tombes

Marriage for Two

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

SHORTLY after an interview in which Helen Wilson tells Larry Tracy that she wishes to break their engagement so that she can marry the rich, middle-aged Frank Burton and Larry vows to marry the first girl who will have him, Larry rescues from a park bench a poverty-stricken and starved though beautiful girl, Joyce Carroll.

Believing that this might repay him for his kindness, Joyce consents when some days later Larry asks her to marry him.

To escape publicity they go to Biarritz, where they take a villa. Shortly after their arrival Larry, suddenly overcome with emotion, draws Joyce to him and kisses her. She threatens to leave him if such a thing should ever occur again.

Twice Larry has evidence of the strangeness of Joyce's past. A man named Ratty Rogan, in New York, unsuccessfully attempts to tell Larry something of his wife. Another time Joyce gives 40,000 francs to a woman of the demimonde in the Casino and tells Larry she lost it at the tables. Larry later starts to question this woman but is overcome with disgust at himself and leaves her.

Joyce is popular at Biarritz; especially with Billy Valdemagala, a Spaniard, and Jeanne Mazell, a lovely American blonde; also with Mr. Weedon, whom she instinctively dislikes.

One night at a fashionable restaurant Larry goes outside and suddenly comes upon Helen Wilson. The meeting ends in a kiss. They are interrupted by Weedon, who is both insinuating and insulting. Larry knocks him down and returns to the restaurant.

He suddenly realizes that he loves Joyce, and will always love her no matter what may happen. He goes straight to her and tells her this, and also that he has just kissed Helen. Joyce is horrified, but regains her composure as Helen, Mrs. Wilson and Burton come up. Burton dances with her and tells her that he hired detectives to learn all about her, and if she does not keep Larry away from Helen, he will tell all he knows and ruin Larry financially.

VIII

LDLY, she wondered what was the color of Burton's eyes. For as she looked at them they seemed to change from palest gray to deepest green. She had a queer feeling that all of the man was like this, thus his features might seem to change under emotion, and that beneath his features his character would also change. This, of course, could not be true. Nevertheless, she was willing to believe that there could be such extraordinary diversity in the traits of Burton that one might be justified in imagining that two souls dwelt within the single body.

His eyes—his expression, too—had been pleasant enough until the very minute that he had said that Larry might lose every cent he owned in the world, and then the eyes had become frightening in their pale glare. Almost like madness. . . . But not that, really. Merely the inflexible will showing through. . . . It took will to amass fifty millions, and more will to keep it. She imagined someone trying to take Burton's money away from him. At the thought she smiled.

"Find it funny?" he asked.

"No," she soberly answered.

"Why the smile?" he persisted.

She told him the inconsequential thought that had drifted, from nowhere, into her mind.

"Glad you got the angle," he commented. "You're right. Nobody's getting my money. Nor anything else I happen to own—or want. Or, if anyone does, then I get something in return. Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about it?" Now he *was* funny, and her smile was not speculative but was the product of genuine amusement. "Mr. Burton, aren't you being rather ridiculous?"

"If it's ridiculous to realize that I'm thirty years older than Helen, that she happens to be in love—as much as she can be in love—with your husband, and that he's probably still in love with her—"

"That isn't very complimentary to me," she interjected.

She stared at him. The shallow blue eyes took on an opacity that made them hard to fathom. "What happened out there—it didn't mean what—what we thought it meant?"

"You and I aren't passing compliments," he dryly rejoined. "This is business. I'm not saying that you couldn't make Tracy forget all about Helen. As a matter of fact, I think you can. The point is—you've got to."

"You win all your business battles this way?" she inquired.

"I win them any way I can," he replied. "But I *win* them. Never forget that, Mrs. Tracy."

"And even unwilling brides—"

"You have too much sense to talk that way," he interrupted. "Helen's a young girl. She'll be twenty times as happy with me as with Tracy. Only—she doesn't realize that yet. I know her, I understand her—and as for her unwillingness—I'll take care of that after I'm married to her. Well, where do we stand?"

NOW her smile was neither speculative nor derisive. It was wise, wiser than her years.

"Together, Mr. Burton."

He nodded. "I thought so." Admiration crept into his glance. "You're an unusual woman, Mrs. Tracy."

"You're not an ordinary man," she laughed.

He accepted the statement, complimentary or flattery, quietly.

"I guess I'm not," he admitted. "Ordinary men don't do what I've managed to do."

"I wasn't thinking of your money," she said.

"I know. You mean—my coming out frankly—well, a man can have the wrong kind of vanity. I haven't got that kind. I know that when a young girl accepts me, she isn't lying awake nights thinking of my eyes."

"Then why not," Joyce ventured, "look for a woman who—"

"We do what we have to when it comes to love," he answered. "We never love the kind we want to love."

They circled the room in silence.

"I said a minute ago," he finally broke the pause, "that I didn't have a certain kind of vanity. But I have another. I don't want—I'm not going to be made ridiculous, Mrs. Tracy. I want Helen to understand—right away—that Larry Tracy belongs to you."

"Don't ask too much too quickly, Mr. Burton," she advised. "And—I think we've said enough, don't you?"

He looked down at her face. "Well, I guess we have," he said.

His features relaxed, and that inner meanness of which she had been conscious from the moment of meeting him, became, in his complacency, an almost outwardly visible thing. She had had experiences, this girl, with many kinds of men, but Burton was beyond anything she had thus far encountered.

Victory. That was all that counted with Burton. That the victory was petty, unworthy, unfairly gained—these things could not matter to Burton. She could imagine him, if need seemed to arise, cheating at cards, and accepting his winnings with the same complacency that was in his expression now. He had gained Helen Wilson's promise to marry him by the force of his fortune. He now believed that she would fulfill that promise because of a threat that he made to Joyce. And he would probably, married to Helen, parade her with pride, as though his own innate charm had won beauty to his side.

A mental nausea suddenly attacked her. Here were people who saw the

best, ate the best, drank the best, lived the best, had the best, and ought, by reason of their opportunities, to think the best and be the best. They might not be of the world's aristocracy, but they were of the world's smart, and aristocracy no longer held itself aloof but tried to join the smart.

In Burton's lapel was a little silk-covered button. France had deemed something he had done worthy of honor. It didn't matter that the Legion was nowadays granted almost as freely as concessions at Coney Island—after all, it was the Legion. This man Burton had the entrée, she knew, to the sanctums of the great. If he went to London, the American ambassador would make appointments for him with England's highest. The White House doors were never barred against him. Newspapers took pains to chronicle his lightest word, his casual comings and goings. Matrons—witness Mrs. Wilson—were glad to give him opportunity with their daughters.

SHE wondered if ever there had been a time when brains and character had really amounted to more in the world of affairs than cunning and meanness. Probably not. Probably history lied about the past as current reporting lies about the present. There'd probably never been a time when meanness was not in the ascendancy, because meanness will work for petty ends and character will not.

Burton was not the only person here who inspired contempt. Helen Wilson's mother had snobbery and greed written plainly on her face. Jeanne Mazell was nice, and so were one or two other of these people gathered here, notably



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

Billy Valdemagara. But even he, aristocrat by birth and a gentleman by happy accident, seemed to chum around with swine. How could a man like Paul Weedon be accepted, for even a single second, unless those who accepted him had traits of character so like his that contempt did not occur to them?

She despised herself that she did not release herself from Burton's arms instantly. Had there been only herself to consider, she might have done so. But the man had threatened Larry's fortune, and she did not believe that he uttered threats lightly.

She frowned faintly. How could it be possible for Burton to ruin Larry? But she knew that there were intricacies of finance incomprehensible to her. Somehow she believed that Burton could do what he said he'd do. And once again, the utter absurdity of the whole situation swept over her, so that she was smiling when Billy Valdemagara thrust his red head through the press of dancers and cut in.

"I AM disappointed in you, Mrs. Tracy," said the Spaniard.

"In me? I'm afraid that you're a fickle man, Billy," she laughed. "A while ago I flattered myself that I had won a heart, but now—"

His freckled face wrinkled in a grin at her obviously sham pathos.

"That was before I found you smiling at the dull Burton," he explained. "Be-

hold me, languishing on the outskirts of the dance floor, waiting a reasonable time before cutting in upon that odious man, saying to myself, 'No, it is not right that you should place so much charm before Mrs. Tracy,' reminding myself, again and again, that Larry is my friend.

"And then, finally, I approach you, and Burton has made you smile. It is a shock, Mrs. Tracy, a distinct shock. Had any of these other women been pleased with him, I would have dismissed it from my thoughts. They are obvious creatures who cannot understand the obvious. But you—I thought better of you."

"Some day I'll explain the smile," she said. "Just now, suppose we let it be understood that I felt your yearning and my lips merely expressed the anticipation in my heart."

The marquis beamed upon her. As outward expression of his inner feelings, he whirled her amazingly around, and Larry Tracy, looking on, marveled once again at the exquisite grace of the woman he had married. For Valdemagara danced with a rhythm unknown to many professionals. Yet Joyce followed his every step with utter ease and with an abandon that only superb ability could save from awkwardness.

Mrs. Wilson had left to dance with someone and he and Helen were alone. "Larry," said the girl, "I'm afraid."

"Of whom?" he asked.

"Of your—wife," she replied. She rushed into words. "Larry—she—she looked at me as though she knew—what had happened out there." She glanced toward the cliff. "How could she?"

"I told her," he answered.

"Told her?" She was unbelieving. "Why, Larry—what can she think—of me?"

"I've been wondering," he bitterly replied, "what she's thinking of me."

"Is she—will she—divorce you?"

He shook his head. "I'll never let her do that."

"You'll not let her! Larry, what do you mean?"

"I mean," he said, "that I love her."

SHE stared at him. The shallow blue eyes took on opacity that made them hard to fathom.

"Then—what happened—out there—didn't mean—what we thought it meant?"

"How could it?" he asked. "Helen, you don't love me. If you did, our engagement would never have been broken. Your mother could never have made you do that. Not if you'd cared."

"Perhaps," she said, "you'd never have let me, if you'd really cared."

He stared at her. "That may be true," he admitted. "But—that's all ended now. What—just happened—I know you didn't mean it. The impulse—"

"Are you being chivalrous, Larry?" Her voice was mocking.

He shook his head. "I'm just trying to be truthful."

"Sometimes women prefer falsehoods," she reminded him.

"There's been enough of that between us," he retorted.

"You mean—on my side?"

He leaned forward and touched the hand that lay idly on the table edge.

"Helen, let's be friends."

"Why?" she asked.

"Well, why not?" he inquired.

"Do you think we can be?"

"We can try," he told her.

"Have you never heard of the woman scorned?" Her voice was light.

"If I thought you meant that, I feel badly," he rejoined. "But a moment—after what we'd been to each other—"

"Of course I don't mean it. And—you're right," she said. "The moon, the surf, the sight of each other—only—you had no right to tell your wife, Larry. What on earth does she think of me?"

He made no reply to this, for Mainwaring, one of the nondescript but well-mannered members of the colony, bowed before her and begged for a dance.

Larry reached for a drink. He needed one, had earned one, he felt. In the short space of thirty minutes, he had been spiritually unfaithful to his wife, had discovered that he loved her, had broken the chains—forever—of a previous love affair, had told his wife what he had done—Oh, it was too mixed up. He drank deeply of the champagne and refilled his glass.

HE WAS lifting it to his lips when Jeanne Mazell's bright voice rebuked him.

"Larry Tracy, put that down," she ordered.

"Why?" he mildly inquired.

"Because you're one American abroad who isn't going to drink too much," she told him.

"Seen signs of my approaching surrender to the demon?" he laughed.

She nodded. "A very beautiful sign."

"And that cryptic remark is, I suppose, perfectly clear?"

"Don't be silly, Larry. Everyone here knows about you and Helen Wilson. But they needn't know that seeing her has upset you."

"Will a second glass of champagne inform them of that?" he asked.

"Too many second glasses will," she replied. "I should think," she went on, "that ordinary good taste would have kept her away."

"Thinking aloud is sometimes rude, Jeanne," he warned her.

"And there are worse things, my silly friend, than rudeness," she retorted. "Larry, do you realize how lovely Joyce is?"

"I'm beginning to," he said.

"Other men don't need as long as you seem to," she said. "Billy Valdemagara has gone in at the deep end already."

"Billy always does, doesn't he?" he commented.

She shook her head.

"Not this way, Larry."

"Well, you should know. He's been your pet particular private beau for—how long, Jeanne?"

"Not ever," she answered. "Billy hasn't ever been any woman's tame cat. Billy likes me, and I like Billy. I'm only fonder of two men, my husband and you, Larry."

"That's sweet of you, Jeanne," he told her.

"I'm not being sweet. I'm being honest. I like you, Larry. And I've fallen in love with your wife. Larry, no man can be blamed (Continued on page 32)



As a dip into adventure and wickedness the midnight swimming party left much to be desired

Wings of Destiny

By George Weston

The Story Thus Far:

MILLARD DELAVAN, an orphan, the son of a once-famous actor, is dismissed from the United States air force on the charge made by Captain Lastry of striking an officer, Captain Lastry himself, and of cheating at cards. Stacked against him are the facts that he is adept at card tricks and that he comes of German people.

Major Henrichs, thinking the charges absurd, befriends the boy and through the major's brother, Judge Henrichs, he secures a job with the Arrow Aero Manufacturing Company only to lose it through Captain Lastry, who happens to be in charge of inspecting the planes.

At Judge Henrichs' home Millard meets Joyce Van Deusen, a lovely young girl, and her attractive aunt, Mrs. Van Deusen, who tells him that she and his father were very close friends, that he had wanted to marry her, and that she had been shocked at his death and had always believed that the revolver had gone off accidentally. Millard realizes with inward horror that this must be the woman, about whom he had heard so vaguely, who had "made a monkey out of his father and sent him home." He also now realizes that his father's death must have been suicide.

He meets, again through the judge, Madame Mitzi Seidler, who turns out to be a German agent and when the judge, who is to be appointed head of the United States Intelligence in Switzerland, offers him the job of working against her and of preceding him to Switzerland, he jumps at the chance.

III

DE LAVAN had hardly stepped off the gangplank upon the deck of the Paris when he saw Mitzi staring at him, as Penelope might have stared at Hermes in the days of the Trojan wars.

"But Mill!" she exclaimed, sweeping forward and leading him away from the crowd at the head of the runway. "This is from heaven! After this I shall sail more regularly, to have you come and say good-by to me."

But seeing from his manner that she must vary the melody, she added, "No? I haven't guessed it? Then—I have a rival to whom you have come to say farewell! So be it! I shall stalk you around the ship until I see her; then halfway over, when she leans over the rail, I shall push her into the sea!"

"Wrong again," said Delavan, beginning to smile in spite of himself—for he was cast for a cynical, bitter part that morning instead of a smiling one. And frowningly checking the liveliness of her fancy, he told her in three words, "I'm sailing, too."

"Oooh!" she cooed beneath her breath. "Fairies, you have done your work; behold him!" But seeing again that she was on the wrong key she continued more seriously, "You are joining the American army at the front?"

Here at least was the cue for bitterness—a bitterness springing so deeply from the soul that it couldn't help but sound convincing even to practiced ears.

"The American army?" he echoed. "You think I ever want to see it again? You haven't heard how I earned my dishonorable discharge? How I was pitched out by the scruff of the neck—for cheating—for cheating at cards?"

THEY had stopped at the rail, at a place overlooking the stern where the deck was deserted; and as though to comfort him Mitzi slipped her hand around his elbow and patted his arm.

"Oh, I heard some fool tale," she said in a low voice, as caressing as her hand. "Of course I didn't believe it. And yesterday noon Judge Henrichs told us how it happened, when Joyce and I were having lunch with him. . . . But tell me," she continued. "Where are you going now? You have some plans, of course?"

"If you can call them plans," he told her. "I simply had to get away from New York. So I'm special European representative of the Arrow Aero Company with headquarters somewhere in Switzerland. And there I'll take orders for planes, or act as trouble man, or instructor, or anything else that looks either interesting or useful."

This last phrase was his saving clause. The rest he hated, although it was technically true.

Through the pressure of Judge Henrichs the Arrow Aero Company had appointed him their Swiss representative. And even as children will sometimes tell any tale as long as they have their fingers crossed, so Delavan sought conso-

lation in the words "or anything else that looks either interesting or useful. . . ."

"Where are your headquarters in Switzerland?" she asked.

"That's been left to me," he carelessly replied. "I'm to look things over and use my discretion. Wherever the bright flowers of excitement bloom the thickest, I suppose."

The deep roar of the siren interrupted them—a poignant, almost shuddering note as though the ship knew the perils of the submarine zone through which she must pass before she could ever tie to dock again.

"Five minutes before sailing," said Mitzi, glancing at the zirconned dial on her wrist. "I was waiting for a letter when I saw you. Do you mind? . . ."

He returned her to the head of the gangplank and found his stateroom. His baggage had already been placed, and on the dresser two letters were waiting for him.

One was from Judge Henrichs—a short but heart-warming wish of good luck. The other was from Joyce.

Dear Mr. Delavan [it began]: Judge Henrichs told me the queerest tale today—about the way you left the army—and I'm terribly sorry that I shan't be able to see you off tomorrow and tell you *personally* that I don't believe it.

It all sounded so perfectly absurd that I couldn't help thinking of Alice

in Wonderland—only, of course, it must be simply tragic for you.

Please let me hear from you whenever you have time, and I shall always be glad to write you the news from here.

With love from "your dear child,"

JOYCE.

"THERE!" thought Delavan, feeling a choke in his throat. "At least she believes in me." And not yet cured, as you will see, of the dreaming of dreams, he imagined himself doing some wonderful deed of heroism and marching home, wounded, at the head of a victorious army. But instead of marching he should have been resting from his wounds, for a week later all the bells of the city tolled their sad, solemn notes, and as his body was slowly borne along on a gun carriage Joyce ran out from the reverent crowds and cried in broken tones, "Oh, Mill . . . Mill. . . . You know I always believed in you! . . ."

They had turned the corner of Sandy Hook when he met Mitzi again. The deck steward gave them chairs together on the promenade deck; and for the first

few minutes they sat in silence, Delavan watching the parade of passengers go past, and Mitzi watching the keen-faced young man by her side.

"Do you know," she murmured once, "without moving my head I can tell every time an army officer goes by? You frown to yourself; and although of course you don't actually grit your teeth I can see you grinding them together in your mind."

"Do you blame me for that?" Delavan shortly asked.

"Blame you?" she echoed. "If I were you I'd want to grind something else besides teeth!"

And yet, as the voyage proceeded, there were few American officers above the rank of lieutenant with whom Mitzi didn't take a turn around the deck, either in the sunswept afternoon or the more confidential hours of evening.

Illustrated by
O. F.
Schmidt



The chief picked a small nickel-plated revolver from the window embrasure. "This is yours?" he asked. "Yes!" "And you meant it for me?" "Yes!" "Thank you. Then I'll take it." And opening the window he flung the weapon far out into the lake



"He is so funny," she would report, returning to her chair by Delavan's side. "He is going to Brest on construction work. It is all very confidential, but the American army is to have Brest for its own. They are to build a great railroad to the front, and he has a daughter Ethel who looks like me. So he pats my hand because he thinks I am Ethel. Tomorrow night on the upper deck I shall look at him—like this—and see if he forgets that I am Ethel. . . ."

Delavan laughed—with that touch of irony which was becoming a habit with him.

"He didn't give you his code-book, did he?" he asked.

"Not yet," said Mitzi in her lowest voice. "But an army, my friend, that would find you guilty of cheating at cards—I do not think it would be diffi-

cult to get their code-books if I wanted to see them."

There was a hint of drama in her manner—significant shadow falling through a window, a hooded figure pausing at the doorway, finger on lips and provocatively passing on. . . .

"SHE thinks she's getting me on her side," thought Dell. And some old notion of honor still stirring within him he shrewdly argued with himself. "What if I am playing a trick on her? Hasn't she been playing tricks ever since the war started? . . . Yes, and may play one on me before she's through," he mused, looking uneasily at the dark, piquant figure by his side.

It was thus, perhaps, that Ulysses sometimes glanced at Circe.

It was thus, perhaps, that Adam looked at Lilith long ago. . . .

As the Paris drew near the French coast an unmistakable atmosphere of mingled anxiety and excitement filled the ship.

"They do not like the German insignia," murmured Mitzi with a purr of satisfaction. "Neither the Iron Cross nor the Tin Fish. Tonight, my stewardess tells me, we shall have no lights. I think, myself, I shall spend the night on deck if they let me."

In the dining-room that evening only an occasional electric bulb was glowing, and the portholes had been covered with wooden blinds. As a rule appetites among the passengers were precarious and conversation sparing.

"Do you notice how many are whispering?" murmured Mitzi again. "They are afraid the submarines will hear them. But what will they do tomorrow night?" she asked, a note of pride

in her voice. "My stewardess tells me that tomorrow night we dine in our life preservers, and no one is allowed on deck after dark."

Delavan somberly nodded, his mood at the moment in tune with danger and the darkness of night.

"You aren't catching it, too?" she smiled at him.

"No; I caught something else," he told her, without answering her smile.

"What did you catch?"

"A sweet remark while I was waiting for you at the head of the stairs. Two men were talking on the other side of the doorway, and one of them said: 'His name's Delavan. He was caught cheating at cards, my adjutant tells me, and he was thrown out neck and crop.'"

Mitzi impulsively reached over the table and laid her hand on his.

"Don't you care," she murmured. "You know how to get even with them."

Later that evening they were playing bezique together, Mitzi keeping score.

"Tell me," she whispered, her pencil held over the paper as though to add the last play, "do you know if the Arrow Company received any orders for American planes?"

FOR as long as it might take you to count five Dell paused; and then he suddenly shook himself as a man sometimes will when about to dive into cold and dangerous water.

"When I left, they had orders for a hundred," he said; "that is, all but the engines."

She made a careless note on the scoring pad.

"And do you know," she continued, "of any men working for the Aeronautical who might—well, who might not be sorry if Germany won?"

"There's a man named Shultz in the machine shop," answered Dell at last. "He was very frank at times about who would win. And there's Pete Carragan in the pattern shop. He bet an old Lancashire pattern maker that the Kaiser would ride into London at the head of his own troops. They've got the bet written and signed under one of the benches, but you have to get down on your back to see it."

"Lovely!" breathed Mitzi, making another note on the scoring pad. Later that evening she went to the wireless office and handed in a message to New York—an innocent-looking message which would have passed any censor. And yet Mitzi had an unmistakable air of breathlessness as she stood outside on the boat deck a few minutes later and listened to the staccato spark of the wireless in the radio-room.

The passport which Judge Henrichs had obtained for Delavan proved to be a trustworthy key; it unlocked the doors of nervous cities and opened the gates of jealously guarded frontiers.

Mitzi, too, had an Open Sesame—equally powerful—and together the two traveled from Cherbourg to Paris, from Paris to Dijon, from Dijon to Geneva, and finally from Geneva to Neuchâtel, where they found a hotel in one of those settings which might well be a scene-painter's dream of paradise.

"You must be careful to whom you speak here," said Mitzi. "It is not like America any more."

They were dining on a terrace overlooking the lake. Electric bulbs were concealed in Chinese lanterns strung on wires or hung in the trees. From the boats below liquid gems were glowing and rippling in the water—rubies and emeralds and pearls. And on the mountains back of them the lights in the châteaux might have been mysterious constellations mentioned in the Apocalypse. One could trace the outlines of a lion, (Continued on page 36)

The Shanghai Test

By Frank Condon

Of course it was Roger MacDuff who went to the Siren of the East. Bear that in mind. It's only a coincidence that this account of his triumph over the strenuous and liquid hospitality of the Chinese city comes to us just after Mr. Condon concluded a world tour. Still, Mr. Condon knows his Shanghai, too



Illustrated by Lui Trugo

Rudolph had fallen down a fresh flight of stairs, just stairs enough to annoy a man

"BRING me," I said to the coolie gentleman, "an ice-cream soda and a couple of sugar wafers." At these words two Englishmen, a German and a Scotchman collapsed and were later attended by the house physician.

"Pardon me," said the coolie, "are you sure you want an ice-cream soda?"

"I do this minute," I replied. "I may not want it later on, so hurry up, m'lud, while I am still a total abstainer."

In selecting Roger Gordon MacDuff to venture forth into China in the interest of moral reform, the Staten Island, N. Y., Ex-Alcohol Consumers' League made no mistake, for they knew their man. I am firmly convinced that nobody else in our Local could have come through unscathed. I am, without question, one of the strongest characters in our organization of reformed bar-fies and everyone knows it. In the last four years the Staten Island group has sent two strong-minded delegates to Shanghai and neither has returned. The Orient got them.

One was named Corey and when last heard of he was running a disreputable gin mill in Vladivostok, lost forever to society. The other, a Jack Wheeler, was seen two years ago on the docks at Hongkong, his whiskers dragging in the seaweed, a mere shell of a man, singing a famous barroom song entitled Just Another Little Drink.

No Place for an Amateur

I am, therefore, the first delegate to come through, and naturally I am excited about it. It is precisely fourteen years since I ceased to lean against bars and stare for hours at curly swans or eagles done in laundry soap on the shining mirror. And listen to this: It takes a fourteen-year man to do it. You cannot slip into Shanghai with a mere five years of non-alcohol behind you and come away smelling like a tea rose. No, siree! As the Chinese put it so quaintly, "Not a chance."

The coolie boy arrived presently with my soda, and people gathered round to watch an adult drink what was probably the first afternoon soda consumed in the town since it was settled by Christopher P. Shanghai and his brother Homer. News spread that a soda hound had arrived on the afternoon mail steamer and a reporter from the Shanghai Tribune came in and tried

to interview me on what soda will do to the ordinary human gizzard if indulged in habitually and the effect on children, if any.

I sat there quietly, sipping my soda and looking about at the beautiful women, for Shanghai is certainly full of ornamental females. I paused expectantly for the Voice of the City to address me. I squatted back upon my mental haunches, waiting for the lure of the Siren of the East, and, so help me Noah, I began to feel

it at exactly five o'clock on the stroke. At five o'clock Shanghai time I experienced strange, uncanny emotions. I began to slip morally. At five minutes after five I was sliding down the greased hill to perdition, hell fire and damnation, and the strong fabric of fourteen years of self-denial and alcoholic control began to shred.

It was then I realized what had happened to Corey and Wheeler, good men in their way, but unequal to the test. At ten minutes after five, with the beautiful women everywhere conversing with handsome men, I decided to order a whisky and soda, for after all, I said to myself, I was in Shanghai, and everybody was drinking Scotch and soda. I realized that the moment had come. I sat there shaking like an aspen and calling upon my reserve forces.

I thought of the solid phalanx of fourteen years of total abstinence in America, with not even a glass of light beer, and I thought, too, of Local Twenty-three, Staten Island, which had sent me to the Orient and would sorrow if I failed.

The coolie removed the cold remains of the ice-cream soda and inquired in pure Chinese if I would care for anything else to drink.

"Yes," I said in a loud voice, "bring me some ale, whisky, beer, wine, gin and Jamaica rum—all at once—in so many glasses."

I determined to have it out with Shanghai then and there, and not let the place sneak up on me, because Shanghai is a town that certainly sneaks up on a man.

The Voice of the Siren

Shanghai stands unique and alone, a Lorelei city. A Chinese spider waiting calmly for American flies to come along in their white pants and sun helmets. You feel strangely like steaming up the moment you enter the city walls. You wonder at this odd inclination. Why should you, a complete teetotaler, long to liquor up here in Shanghai, especially since you have not had a drink in fourteen years? There is no explanation save that it be the magic of the town, working unseen upon your frail cosmos.

Staring around with eyes slowly gazing you perceive the gayety of the place, the genial attitude toward life, the philosophy that urges you to feel good today for tomorrow you will be worm food.

So you say to yourself in sudden burst: "Well, by heavens, I am going to have one and nobody can prevent me. I am going to have one here and now and never mind those fourteen years of self-denial."



For hours I sat restraining myself, my breath coming and going in jerks

The coolie boy having returned with my seven or eight drinks, I lined them up before me upon the shining table and beheld them with a moist eye. My own idea about leaving liquor alone is and always has been that you cannot flee from it like a yellow coward. You must face the demon, eye to eye, as close as possible, without having it run down your throat into your yearning but misguided gullet; and that is what I was now doing in Shanghai, which is known and properly so, as the Paradise of the Orient.

I remained in public communion with my battery of drinks for another hour, smelling of each in turn to see would it revive in me sweet memories of a fragrant and spectacular past, which I may say it did.

This was all Shanghai liquid refreshment, clean, pure, beautiful to the eye, happy upon the palate, undefiled by the hand of the crook, guaranteed by honorable British firms who do business with His Majesty the King, as proclaimed on the bottle, and naturally would shrink from sending up a magnum of rubbing liniment for the royal family's evening meal.

My Hour of Agony

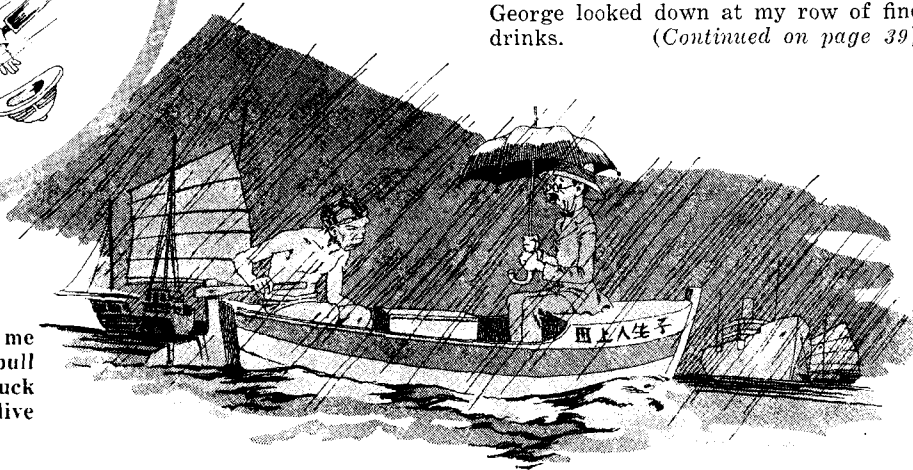
For hours I sat there in the colorful lounge of the Royal Sampan Hotel, restraining myself from leaping the traces by exercise of a will-power that has made me famous among my fellows of the Staten Island Ex-Drinkers' Association, which is affiliated with the Ex-tanks of New York, New Jersey and Rhode Island. I lingered on and on, my tongue hanging out, my breath coming and going in spasmodic jerks, fighting a man's battle, and thinking of the boys back home and those two poor fellows who are now chasing pink Chinese elephants up and down the coast of Asia.

A man named George came down the corridor, swinging a cane and looking happy. George was a red-faced rowdy I had met on the ship and he knew perfectly well that I was, or had been, a total abstainer for the seventh part of a century. Everybody is bound to know it, for I naturally boast of it in public. George looked down at my row of fine drinks. (Continued on page 39)



Our leading coolie went down suddenly. Mr. Upshaw landed on his nose, chin and other features

I employed him to transport me to the steamer. He did not pull his knife and by sheer good luck I managed to come through alive



"The White House Says—"

By William G. Shepherd

PREACHERS and retailers who live above their stores must do the bulk of their work at home. So must the President of the United States.

Some of our Presidents have complained that this makes existence in the White House rather a stuffy affair, not putting on your hat and coat in the morning, saying good-by to the folks and going out into the big world for a whiff of new air and a fresh viewpoint.

Perhaps that's why Calvin Coolidge, along about 8:30 of a week-day morning, has been very likely to amble into the front rooms of the executive offices for a chat with the guards on duty or with the few newspaper men on the White House run who spend all their daylight hours there.

Business is fully under way for the day after the President has taken his peep into the outer office room.

"Sometimes he just says good morning to us," an old-timer among the regular White House staff of newspaper correspondents told me. "Other times he may want to start a conversation about the weather or the trees or the lawn or something. But if any conversation is started, he starts it."

Newspaper men are as much a part of the White House machinery as are the White House secretaries; no President of recent years has been able to get along without them.

But the question of how to get along with them is also a problem.

Two distinct sets of newspaper correspondents cover the White House.

With one of these sets no President of recent years has ever had any trouble. These are the regular, day-by-day White House correspondents. They have a little anteroom off the main reception-room, filled with telephones and typewriters. They have an association among themselves, with a president, secretary and other officers, and they represent the large news associations and several large newspapers.

Important Young Men

They are young men very proud of their jobs. It is their duty, among other things, to keep their eyes on all those who pass along the trail to and from the President's offices. No man in America on his way out from the White House offices is so imposingly great and important as to render him immune from the rushing questionings of these able young interrogators as to what has transpired during the visit. Likewise none is so great that he does not invariably chat pleasantly with these young men, knowing well that, within a few moments after the talk has ended, the message will fly throughout the nation that he has been received by the President.

They cover the routine of the White House, these young men.

But there is a second set of newswriters, not White House reporters, but having the general title and duties of



President Coolidge with a group of newspaper correspondents at a White House conference

A horde of problems lie in wait for Mr. Hoover when he enters the White House. Most of them have been discussed in detail—Foreign Affairs, Farm Relief, Labor—but one hazard has been omitted: the bi-weekly White House Press Conference. It's no less difficult and dangerous than the others—witness the very public life and mysterious death of "The White House Spokesman." Here Mr. Shepherd tells of misunderstandings that shook the State Department and of the stresses and strains of Presidential relations with the reporters

Washington correspondents, who make life a little puzzling at times to the man in the White House.

They will declare to you that if, on occasion, they puzzle the White House, this is because the White House—and by that they mean the President—sometimes puzzles them.

"Getting along with the newspaper men" is one of the President's problems; "getting along with the President" is not always easy for the man who gives us the news from the White House inner offices.

You will notice next Tuesday evening or next Wednesday morning that there is an extra amount of White House news in your paper, telling you what the "White House," or someone there, thinks of this or that. On Saturday morning or Saturday evening you will notice the same phenomenon.

This is because every Tuesday at noon and every Friday afternoon at four the President meets about 100 Washington correspondents in his office and talks to them.

There is tumult in the outer office before each conference.

Over in one corner stands Pat McKenna, guardian of this room. Reporters hand him small slips of paper. They contain questions. Pat sends them on inside. Precisely at noon he swings open a door that leads to the President's office. And there stands Mr. Coolidge,

behind his great flat-topped desk, with the little papers (or with such of them as he wishes to consider) in his left hand. In his right are his glasses. There are no greetings. The President puts on his glasses. He begins to speak quietly, not looking up. No one else speaks. He talks to the reporters; they don't talk to him. Finally he stops. Everyone seems to understand that's the end. Time occupied, eight minutes. It has all been very quiet. But these men know their White House. Before an hour has passed columns of first-page stories, declaring that the President thinks the current plans for flood control would cost more money than the Civil War, are on the telegraph wires.

Other Presidents' Methods

Our early Presidents, say from Lincoln on, used to talk with newspaper owners or editors occasionally, but they rarely met newspaper reporters face to face. 'Twas a brave President that first opened his doors to the great mass of newspaper correspondents.

"Teddy Roosevelt," says someone. Wrong. Roosevelt had a few friends among the newspaper correspondents—"the golden-haired kids" the other correspondents called them—to whom he used to give out such material as he wished published. And one time he called all of the correspondents together

to announce to the United States, through them, that he intended to call his famous conservation congress. Two or three times he "barred" the White House to writers who had criticized him. It was a rough-and-tumble job to get White House news in Roosevelt's day.

William Howard Taft was the first President to take on all comers. It was like this:

Taft, as Secretary of the War Department, had discovered that the best way to deal with reporters was to take them all into his private office and talk to them frankly.

When he went into the White House he amazed and delighted Washington journalism by announcing that, once a week, the President would meet all duly accredited correspondents.

It was early in March, 1909, that President Taft first met the correspondents and permitted them to ask him all the questions they could think of. He established a custom which, with drastic modifications, has been followed by all his successors and has continued with intermissions for the past 19 years. There is no reason to believe that Mr. Hoover, as President, will abolish the plan. Mr. Taft took reporters into the cabinet-room; he would sit in the President's chair at the cabinet table, and the reporters who came early would sit in the nine other cabinet chairs, around the table. At the opposite end, by Mr. Taft's humorous wish that the "table ought to be balanced," would sit Bill Price, famous correspondent, who weighed as much as Mr. Taft. Others would stand.

The smiling Taft, with charming courtesy, would tell the newspaper men what he wanted printed and what he didn't want printed of the material which he gave to the writers. Reporters shied away from quoting him. "There is warrant for the understanding that Mr. Taft believes," wrote one cautious New York Sun man, June 4, 1909, after a talk with Taft.

Then came Woodrow Wilson, with an announcement even more pleasing than Taft's.

"I will meet the newspaper correspondents twice a week," he proclaimed.

That got to be a terrific job before Wilson was through. One time, for instance, he hotly demanded that the correspondents cease writing rumors about the engagements of his daughters. After the Great War broke out the crowd of newspaper reporters who entered his office for the bi-weekly conference took on a strange hue. Men of foreign newspapers demanded all the rights of accredited correspondents of the American news services and the great metropolitan dailies. Their questions concerning intervention were argumentative, provocative and frequently insulting. Moreover, some of these alleged reporters bore the earmarks of agents of foreign nations. Their presence drove Mr. Wilson into a secretive silence.

It was about this time that the leading correspondents decided that the newspaper men (Continued on page 47)



It was the two of clubs, and at the sight of that card against his own total of two the Greek, Pagoulas, fell back in his chair as if his spine had melted

The Turn of a Card

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

The stakes were high, and the game was swift. For the spiders in the shadow took a hand

THE night was black and the road, a narrow black defile, mounted sharply between yellow windows. The low houses were solid opaque cubes under a still, black filigree of palm branches. A few paces ahead hung a street lamp of ancient design and its feeble flicker was the only visible movement anywhere. The soggy plugging of Gerald Brace's steps in the wet road was the only sound.

At the gateway of the Hotel Beau Sejour he turned sharply right and followed the road up along a wall to another street lamp, an intersection where a small, hand-lettered signboard indicated the Chemin de la Cava. It was up this dark wall-bound way that he would find the Villa Casita and Angela Garmendia waiting in the garden.

She had said there was a family business which would engage her until ten, and a glance at his watch under the light told Gerald Brace that he had come too soon. He paced back and forth there in a sort of fever, an unaccustomed fever which had all but supplanted his well-known passion for the green-covered gaming tables of the Baccara Room at Cannes. That was the allure which, rather than winter sunlight or the soft purple of Mediterranean nightfall, had brought him from England year after year. It had brought him this year too, and only by chance among the polyglot bits of Europe and Asia had he finally discovered one spot of an older Spain. So Angela Garmendia was his fever now.

His restless pacing ceased for a moment while he gazed down upon the

line of lights marking the Rue d'Antibes, the Croisette promenade, the illuminated outline of the huge Casino, which housed under its roof a theater, concert hall, bars, Boule Room, fashionable restaurant, and the great Baccara Room where the Riviera paraded titles and jewels. Beyond was the long Jetee and the riding lights of many yachts moored there. One, newly arrived, had come to anchor off shore.

After the pale light from the street lamp the Chemin de la Cava seemed darker still. The walls threatened vaguely. Twice he passed arched gateways which marked the entrances to hillside villas and a hundred and fifty paces beyond he saw the tiny spark of a lamp, the Villa Casita. It was built immediately upon the roadway so that one side continued the wall, and into this a narrow door and two ground-floor windows were cut.

One of the two windows was full of light, a yellow rectangle set in the more solid black, and peering into it, clearly outlined, was the black silhouetted head of a man. He was leaning forward, apparently listening intently to whatever transpired within. Gerald halted, undecided, and the instant of his

hesitation was a moment of action; for the man at the window, as if at a signal, suddenly drove it open with his fist. There was a crack and then darkness. The light went out.

Gerald Brace shouted something and made a forward dash, seeing nothing, ready to grapple. His outstretched hands met only the rough surface of the wall. The sound of a headlong flight up the wet road echoed briefly between the walls. Then, abruptly, there was not even an echo.

Gerald remained motionless at the open window until finally he became aware of sounds from within, scuffling, a man's angry voice, a sharp intake of breath, a falling body. Something struck lightly against his leg and his eye caught upon a small oblong of white in the roadway at his feet.

THE large, low-beamed south room of the Villa Casita was shaped around a right angle to conceal a winding stairway and doors into pantries and halls.

At one end a long table of black walnut and high-backed chairs reflected the dull glow of lamps. At the other a six-foot log breathed red and gray in the wide fireplace. A deep, sonorous

voice, reading in Spanish, reached every corner of the room.

The reading came from the table where a short, square man whose full black beard was turning white about his mouth stood with a red-sealed document in his hand. Grouped about him were others, Spanish as their setting, a white-headed old lady with a small gold crucifix gleaming against her black dress, two taller, thinner men, also bearded, a young, pale man, black-eyed and handsome. They were the sister, brothers and nephew of the late renowned Dr. Ernesto Garmendia listening eagerly to the reading, after its stay in the courts, of his last will and testament. At one of the tall windows, giving little attention but peering into the dark garden, was a girl in an age-ivory shawl.

PRESENTLY she drew back. Her fingers touched her throat. Two quick, half-fancied shadows had seemed to dart across the wall which shut off the garden from the road.

The lawyer's round syllables rolled on: "—which concludes the bequests to my relatives, none of whom have I omitted. Further, and in addition to my villa as already provided, I bequeath to my daughter, Angela—" the group at the table leaned forward intently, only to subside again as the reading went on, "—to my daughter, Angela, all my professional robes, honors, certificates of degree, etc. Further, I bequeath to the University of Barcelona the manuscript of my treatise on the Mathematical Determination of Chance and the Fallacy of Averages, also the

notes and sources used in the preparation of my studies on Combinations of Numbers, Probabilities and Chances. To all and to Angela, I bequeath my love. Amen."

At the last word one of the brothers banged the table and broke into exclamation: "The old fool! For all his useless learning! . . . He bequeaths a few thousand pesetas and carries a secret worth millions into his grave!" The whole group joined his complaint, even the old lady who mumbled and fingered her little gold cross until anger and excitement added her shrill voice to the others.

From the window Angela Garmendia watched them with faintly curling lips. "Perhaps what you expected would require my father's mind to interpret," she said.

The younger man rose and came near her. "That is not true, my cousin," he said. "For he told our Uncle Guillermo that with the principle established a child could use it—unless he meant only his child. Surely at the last he gave it to you."

"You are wily, Vicente," she answered, "to suspect it. But he told no one. Is it near ten o'clock, Vicente?"

"Very well then," he said, ignoring her question. "But it is dangerous for one person to possess such knowledge alone, Angela. Adios." He joined the others, who, still muttering, sought their cloaks and neck-cloths in the hall. The old, white-haired aunt crept slowly up the stairs. Then they were gone.

"But your cousin Vicente was right, Señorita Angela." The lawyer's heavy figure remained standing beside the table, his dark eyes darting apprehensively about the room. "There is a message from your father for you alone. Take us to a smaller room where we may be more certain that we are not overheard."

SHE led him through one of the doors into a tiny chamber almost entirely filled with a huge desk and high bookshelves. A bronze paper weight under a green-shaded lamp held a sheaf of dusty papers. A leaded window opened upon the Chemin de la Cava. "This was his study," she said. "Very well, Señor. I am ready."

The lawyer lowered his voice: "As you know, Señorita, shortly before his death, your father developed with purely scientific interest a method of defeating the bank in the game of Chemin de Fer, not a mere illusory system of betting, but a mathematically sure win of eight in ten selected coups. In the Baccara Rooms for ten successive nights he made ten plays and won eight, giving his winnings to charity. For, as he said, a Garmendia does not gamble on a certainty."

"Nevertheless, there were and are individuals and syndicates gambling there in millions who are not so scrupulous. Secret agents offered your father fortunes. The Casino management and the Municipality of Cannes feared his knowledge would ruin the games. Your father had lived here happily many years. He needed little. He reassured them and then, somewhat mysteriously, Señorita, he died—"

She drew back. "You mean—?"

"Nothing," said the lawyer, "I mean nothing. Only my suspicions were aroused when I myself became aware that I was being spied upon. Strangers appeared in our village in Spain. I feared for my life."

Something of his alarm was communicated to the girl. The sheaf of papers on the desk stirred with a movement of air. The old wood of the bookshelves creaked. Señor Iraizos went on. "Then the court directed me to open your father's vault in our little provincial bank. I found his will and . . . this."

He tapped his inside pocket and drew forth with trembling fingers a sealed envelope perhaps nine inches square and folded once through the middle.

"He has written here on the flap, Señorita, as follows: 'Dearest Angela: Enclosed is the Chemin de Fer computation which I leave with you against unforeseen need.' Intending to add to your safety, Señorita," continued the lawyer, "but instead he has endangered your life."

"No doubt, Señor Iraizos," she said with faint scorn, "you will be glad to be free of such a dangerous custodianship."

"To be honest, yes," he admitted. "I deliver this charge with great relief and with my advice that you burn the letter at once."

She reached out her steady hand. Her fingers touched the strong, rough-grained paper. Then—the light exploded. Went out! The particles of glass stung her bare arms and shoulders. A wave of cooler air came into the room, and then powerful hands seized her, wrenched at the paper which she instinctively clutched, and flung her back against the bookshelves. She heard exclamations, scraping feet, the

violence of men, ending with a fall. The windows, swinging loosely, banged shut, rebounded, and banged again.

Angela Garmendia heard no more than that until an uncertain shuffle sounded in the hall outside, the servants' frightened voices, their feeble tugging at the bolted door, and finally a more rugged voice, which she knew well, "Angela! It's Gerald! What's happened?" Immediately his shoulder, driven against the door, burst the light bolt from its socket and the door jumped open to disclose the servants' wide eyes, their candles held aloft, and Gerald's blond head. He leapt to her side. "You screamed, Angela."

SHE leaned on his arm, wondering if she had screamed, while his eyes left her face to discover the heavy bulk of the solicitor, Iraizos, lying in the corner with his head twisted against the wall and a red gash across his brow. The man was still conscious. His gaze was fixed upon Angela, and finally he pointed his short forefinger. "You see, Señorita?"

She glanced down at her fingers which still clutched the envelope, or, rather, the half of it. It was no longer a square

but a smaller oblong, and there was a ragged edge where it had been torn in two along the heavily creased fold.

An hour after, the Villa Casita had regained its quiet. A formidable body of police had searched the house, garden and environs. Footprints under the window were too numerous and confused to be useful. An examination of the servants revealed only their terror. The law then departed, shaking its official head, and with it, apparently glad for an escort to his hotel, went Señor Iraizos. "Remember this, Señorita," he said at the door, "half of a secret may be worthless to you, but it may be worth your life to the one who holds the other half."

Gerald and Angela, distinct only for the black of his figure and the white of hers, made slow, aimless movement back and forth along the garden path while her head rested against his shoulder and his arm girdled her waist and held their steps together. With a faint weariness of breath, and in that soft and low timbre of voice native to her own land she concluded an evidently long account: "You have all my confidence, Gerald, and so I have told you this also. If (Continued on page 44)

Illustrated by
Rico Tomaso



His eyes left her face to discover the solicitor, Iraizos, lying in the corner with his head against the wall and a red gash on his brow

The Buzz-Saw

A Short Short Story

(Complete on this page)

By F.R. Buckley

"MR. EVANS?" inquired the stranger. Mr. Evans looked up. "Mr. George Evans?"

He was a clean-looking stranger, very nicely dressed; not at all the kind of stranger, in fact, that one would expect to see in a speakeasy of that class. Mr. Evans, turning to stare at him with a sullen suspicion, dropped one hand unobtrusively down to the neighborhood of his hip pocket. He did not, in point of fact, carry a gun; never had; had never needed to. His plan now, in the event of trouble, was to snatch the chair away from under himself and lay the well-dressed stranger out with that.

"Well?" he inquired.

The stranger took a chair.

"Drink?" he asked.

"I'm having one. What you want?"

"I want," said the stranger, "to give you a little job. You're one of Al Benda's crowd, aren't you?"

"No."

"You aren't?"

Disappointment, mingled with alarm, spread over the stranger's features.

"Not any more," said Mr. Evans. "Maybe I useta know some of 'em, but not now. Buncha skunks, that's what they are. Who told you about it?"

The well-dressed man remained dubious.

"Well, I was in Chicago," he said, "and Cut-Nose Jack Fiorelli told me you were just the guy—but of course, if you've quit—"

"I SAID I'd quit that bunch," said Mr. Evans sulkily. "What I do now, I do for myself, see? I got tired of kickin' in half what I earned to Al Benda, when he hadn't done nothin' for it. Mine's individual work, see? A one-man job, an' I do it right, an' I take all the risk, an' from now on I get all there is in it—see?"

"Yes."

"Did Cut-Nose give you any letter to me?"

"N-no. He told me what you looked like, and said you were generally around here, but I was supposed to talk to Al Benda, really."

Mr. Evans scowled as he put down his whisky-glass.

"Well, anything that little swine could do for you, I can do better. What you want?"

The stranger seemed embarrassed. His eyes fixed upon Mr. Evans' forbidding features he made several starts and as many stops.

"Well," he said at last, looking nervously over his shoulder, "this isn't a job for myself, really. It's for somebody else."

The prizefighter grinned.

"It always is. You're an actor, ain't you?"

"Y-yes."

"Well? Somebody take your job away from you?"

"N-not exactly."

"Well, anyhow you want him beaten up, doncha? Spoil his beauty?"

The stranger had turned pale. He said nothing, and his fingers drummed nervously on the edge of the table. Also, he swallowed. Mr. Evans chuckled outright.

"Gosh, you dowanna be so nervous about it. Who is it? Just an ordinary ham?"

"He—he's leading man in a show."

"What show?"

"The Duchess' Adventure."

"Never heard of it. What's his name?"

"Carter."

"Never heard of him. It'll cost you a century."

The stranger licked his lips.

"Fifty down, an' fifty more when he's in hospital," said Mr. Evans firmly.

"I—I don't want him badly hurt. I—"

"You leave it to me. I know what you want. Fifty down, an' fifty more when he don't show up at the theater. What you doin'—understudyin' him?"

The stranger made no answer.

"You can give me that fifty now, if you wanta," said Mr. Evans, draining his glass. "Maybe I could fix him up tonight."

AND so it came to pass that Mr. Raymond Carter, walking home after the theater and inhaling the night breezes through his admirable Roman nose, found himself confronted by a huge man apparently in the throes of liquor; who first called him an improper name, and then instantly tried to flatten the said nose with a fist about the size of a small ham. But for this latter attempt, Mr. Carter would have endeavored to reason with the man; he had seen many violent drunks in his time—some of them armed with rifles and additionally stimulated by shell-shock—

and he had developed quite a technique in calming them. But on the other hand his nose was worth nearly a thousand dollars a week to him, and he had an extravagant wife. So, moving the nose out of the way of the advancing fist, he first gave Mr. Evans a left to the jaw; and when that seemed to lack the desired effect, belted him severely across the head with a loaded cane. It had been a good cane when he had carried it, in spite of revolvers, in France; but the passage of years, and subjection to steam heat, had dried it so that it now broke. Mr. Carter therefore stepped forward, and while Mr. Evans pawed dazedly at the air, sent in a severe right to the body. This would have been sufficient; but one of the ham-like fists, descending abruptly as Mr. Evans clutched at his diaphragm, happened to knock the actor's hat off. It was a thirty-dollar hat, and it rolled into a mud-puddle. With justifiable irritation Mr. Carter swung his left and felled his assailant like a tree.

Just at which point of the proceedings a policeman turned the corner.

He knew George Evans, did that policeman; and, despite Mr. Carter's unwillingness to prosecute, he insisted on taking him away.

"He's a regular thug," said the officer. "Used to be in Al Benda's gang, but he double-crossed 'em somehow, an' now he's on his own. Somebody must have hired him to beat you up, Captain."

"Impossible!"

"Well, he ain't the kind to do it for love. Hup, you! Get on your feet. Gosh, Captain, you certainly chewed him up!"

"I think he's been punished enough."

"We'll see what the lootenant thinks. Come on, George."

The lieutenant did not agree with

"Well," said the stranger, looking nervously over his shoulder, "this isn't a job for myself, really. It's for somebody else"

Mr. Carter; so the police surgeon put three stitches into his scalp. George Evans, 32, pugilist, of the Stark-weather Hotel, City, found himself in a cell, charged with offenses worth five years in any man's courtroom, and with bail fixed at one thousand dollars, which he did not possess. He had a sudden burst of hope and optimism about two A. M., when Al Benda came into the cell-block; but apparently the gang-leader had merely dropped in to pass the time of day with the police-lieutenant, who was a friend of his, and to mourn over the mishap to his ex-associate.

HE WAS a round-faced, comfortable little man, Al Benda. As he leaned against the bars of the cell door one found it hard to believe in his reputation for relentlessness.

"You certainly ran into bad luck tonight, George," said Mr. Benda. "Seems as though you'd have done better to stay put, 'stead of lettin' me down the way you did. I could have told you all about this guy Carter. He's got the Congressional Medal of Honor an' all sorts of things. He's a regular hell-cat. I suppose them bandages are where he hit you with that cane. You know, I thought he probably would do that."

Mr. Evans, an expression of horror creeping into his one good eye, sat up suddenly.

"You—"

Eying him with regret, Mr. Benda prepared to withdraw.

"And then, of course," he continued, "being as you didn't beat him up like you told my agent you would, I don't have to pay you that other fifty bucks, do I?"

He sighed heavily.

"Good night, George."

Illustrated by
W. MacRae
Gillies



CHRYSLER BEAUTY IS NO CHANCE CREATION



Chrysler's classic style and beauty have won the admiration and enthusiasm of thousands of motorists the country over — New Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan, illustrated.

FOR the first time
*in the history of motor car design an authentic system has
been devised, based upon the canons of ancient classic art.*

Chrysler designers realize fully that beauty is an elusive thing and that the pursuit of it in motor car design must not be hampered by too rigid adherence to laws and conventions.

But Chrysler has also found that there are so many glorious precedents and inspirations in art, architecture and design, that the search for authentic and harmonious symmetry can actually be reduced to something like a scientific system in which results are certain.

Chrysler has left nothing to chance . . . Chrysler has not relied alone upon the inspiration of individual designers.

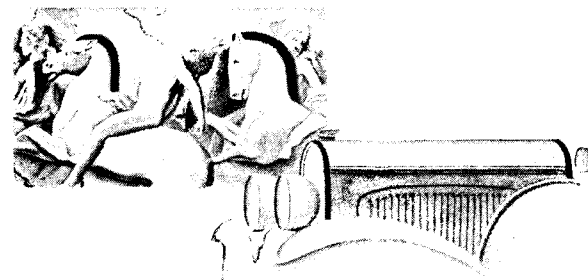
Chrysler has sought instead to do something never done before in motor car design—to search out *authentic* forms of beauty which

have come down the centuries unsurpassed and unchallenged and has *translated* them in terms of motor car beauty and motor car utility.

The lengths to which Chrysler designers have gone in this patient pursuit of beauty will doubtless prove a revelation to those who

have probably accepted Chrysler symmetry and charm as fortunate but more or less accidental conceptions.

The Chrysler process goes far deeper than any charming but accidental conception.



Chrysler's matching of the exclusive slender profile radiator with the cowl bar moulding has its inspiration in the repetition of motif in the historic frieze of the ancient Parthenon.

New Chrysler "65" — Six body styles priced from \$1040 to \$1145 . . . New Chrysler "75" — Nine body styles priced from \$1535 to \$2345 . . . New Chrysler Imperial—Five custom styles priced from \$2675 to \$3475. All prices f.o.b. Detroit

How would You play it ?

North

♠ 10-9
♥ 9-8-3
♦ J-4-2
♣ A-J-10-5-2

East

♠ 7-3-2
♥ 10-7-6-4-2
♦ 7
♣ Q-9-8-3

West

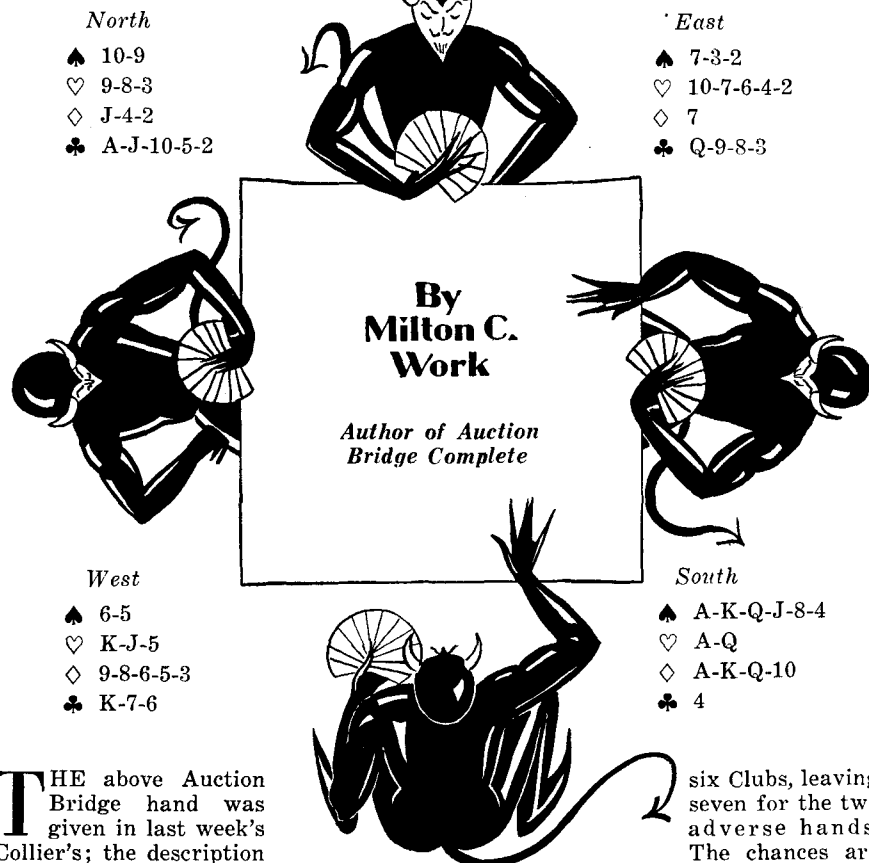
♠ 6-5
♥ K-J-5
♦ 9-8-6-5-3
♣ K-7-6

South

♠ A-K-Q-J-8-4
♥ A-Q
♦ A-K-Q-10
♣ 4

By Milton C. Work

Author of Auction Bridge Complete



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

The Auction

South bid one Spade, having the type of strong hand with which a player should not preempt.

West, of course, passes, and North, having less than normal support for South's Spades, denies by bidding two Clubs. His denial is the best way to picture his hand for South.

After East's pass, South rebids his Spades and wins the auction.

At Contract South has a hand in which there is only one sure loser—the small Club; but he has possible losers in the Queen of Hearts and the Ten of Diamonds. If he counts his sure tricks and bids only four Spades, there may be Slam on the hand without North's having the strength to jump a bid of four which, as far as North knows, may be slightly an overbid. Consequently South probably would decide to bid five Spades—a slight risk but apparently justified.

After West's pass, North, having been commanded to do so by South's bid, would show his Ace of Clubs by bidding six; and South then should bid six Spades. While North's bid removes the danger of losing a Club, it does not guarantee the making of the doubtful Heart trick nor even of the Ten of Diamonds; so a Grand Slam bid by South would not be justified.

The Play

At Auction Bridge West would open with the Five of Diamonds. Opening a worthless five-card suit against a trump declaration is not a particularly desirable lead, but it is better than to lead from a King.

Declarer can win the Diamond in either hand, but he uses a high honor from Closed Hand in order to preserve all possible entries in Dummy. Dummy's Ace of Clubs and Jack of Diamonds insure Declarer against losing a trick in either, and it would be simple for him to exhaust trumps and then to try the Heart finesse; but while this would insure a Small Slam with an even chance for a Grand Slam it does not offer as good a chance for a Grand Slam as trying to make a Club good in Dummy. Dummy and Closed Hand together have

six Clubs, leaving seven for the two adverse hands. The chances are that these seven are divided 4-3; if so, a thirteenth Club can be established in Dummy and the Queen of Hearts discarded on it, Dummy having the three requisite entries for three additional Club leads after the first two leads of that suit.

The play is especially attractive; even if it fails because the adverse Clubs are divided 5-2, no bridges have been burned, and the Heart finesse remains to be tried.

To trick 2, South leads the Four of Clubs and North wins with the Ace.

To trick 3, Dummy leads a small Club and Closed Hand ruffs with an honor.

To trick 4, a small trump from Closed Hand won in Dummy; to trick 5, a second Club lead from Dummy, and a second honor ruff by Closed Hand.

Declarer leads a second small trump from Closed Hand, winning again in the Dummy; leads another Club from Dummy, ruffed by Closed Hand, establishing a thirteenth Club in Dummy. The last adverse trump is then drawn and, as Dummy has a Diamond entry, Declarer need not take the fifty-fifty risk of the Heart finesse; he has the Grand Slam without it.

In Contract Bridge the bid of five Spades by South would suggest to West that a trump lead probably would be harmless. That opening would remove one of North's entries, altering the play. Declarer doubtless would try to squeeze for a Grand Slam, but if West kept his King of Hearts guarded and gave up his Clubs, the play would not succeed, but the Small Slam—all that was bid for—would be made without difficulty.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	East
S. J-2	S. A-8-7-5-4
H. K-6-5-3	H. 9
D. J-10-8	D. 9-5-2
C. 10-9-7-5	C. J-4-3-2
West	South
S. K-6-3	S. Q-10-9
H. Q-10-8-7	H. A-J-4-2
D. 6-4	D. A-K-Q-7-3
C. K-Q-8-6	C. A

Dry Eyes on Hoover

Continued from page 9

favors—want no favors. We have no candidates for appointive places. We ask only that the laws be enforced. We can ask no less. We ask no more."

I asked Mr. McBride whether he looked forward to any measure or measures which would dry such difficult spots as New York, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, New Orleans, St. Louis and so on.

"Going to the other extreme," I asked, "how do you suppose that Mr. Hoover or any other President can discourage the isolated farmer from making hard cider, applejack and wines? Do you think it is possible to make the country absolutely dry?"

"Perhaps the federal government will not be able to accomplish all this by itself," he replied. "The amount of liquor to be found on the farms is relatively trivial. We need not concern ourselves with the hard cider and wine-making of the farmer when there are such large problems represented by the wet cities."

"But these larger aspects of enforcement," he went on, "must involve cooperation by local governments and we believe that state, county and city cooperation can be won to a considerable degree by the President's direct influence upon those localities."

Faith in Mr. Hoover

"And the President can bring great pressure to bear upon these large wet spots through his appointments. We do not believe that if the President were to make his personal appeal to the local governments of the wet cities it could be ignored. However, as I have said to you a number of times, Mr. Hoover doubtless has his reply to the millions of Drys who voted for him because he said that he wished to see prohibition succeed and we await that. We have no desire to embarrass him in his work—we want merely to assist him. We have unlimited faith in Mr. Hoover, who led us to victory."

"The Anti-Saloon League is anxious to lend aid to Mr. Hoover's appointees. For example if the Prohibition Commissioner comes to us saying that he finds it hard to win success in any locality we shall concentrate upon arousing public sentiment in his behalf in that district. We, the church people, will hold public meetings there. We may, as we have done on several occasions, give the local enforcement officer a testimonial dinner at which prominent private citizens and officeholders will speak."

"We have found this to be an excellent method of rallying support to hard-working officials. Particularly the active support of the churches."

"This, you see, is our method. Only very infrequently has the Anti-Saloon League attempted more than this—this arousing of public sentiment."

"And contrary to the charges made against us we have seldom usurped the duties of the police or the public prosecutor's office in the gathering of evidence against violators. We have, however, taken it for granted that public officials who showed no desire to enforce prohibition were not particularly eager to continue in office; therefore we saw to it that they were not returned to office."

"The Anti-Saloon League of America has never, as an organization, usurped the police powers in any community. We have, however, done this: If a delegation from a town or city came to us and told us that the police or the public prosecutor had ignored their protests

against local conditions—speakeasies and the like—we have frequently suggested to that delegation the names of certain detectives and investigators whom we had come to trust.

"The League never paid these investigators in such cases but we found that the good people—the church people—of that locality were glad to find the funds for such investigations. Then we might have—and have—sent our own lawyers to the local public prosecutor and informed that official of his duty. If he protested that he lacked evidence, that the police had reported nothing, then we would go to the mayor and if he showed any disposition to be ignorant we merely handed him the report of the investigators."

"If there was further indisposition on the part of those public officials to act, we would call a mass meeting of church people and publicly demand action."

"Usually that fetched results. Of course we have been obliged to wait until the following election when we elected officials who respected the law. But we have never usurped."

"These measures of ours are wholly legitimate. We are doing, thereby, nothing that is unusual in politics. The two major political parties fight each other on issues. One seeks to overturn the other by appealing to the people and arousing the people to action against the incumbent party because, they cry, the party in power has not done its duty. We, without being a political party, do likewise."

As I sat in Mr. McBride's office there was but one additional piece of enforcement legislation before Congress—the Jones-Stalker bill. Mr. McBride told me that the Anti-Saloon League of America was behind that bill. It purposed increasing the penalties for illegally manufacturing, selling, transporting or exporting intoxicants from a maximum fine of \$1,000 or six months imprisonment to \$10,000 or five years—or both. It called for a cancellation of the convicted one's citizenship if he or she were of foreign birth. It took bootlegging out of the misdemeanor class and put it amongst felonies.

Even the dry leaders in the Capitol were looking upon this bill as radical but because of the tremendous victory of Mr. Hoover expected to see it pass readily during the first Hoover Congress if not during the final Coolidge session.

The Jones-Stalker bill was the only additional enforcement legislation of which Mr. McBride professed knowledge; but it is not likely that he was ignorant of the other prospects.

Will He Postpone the Battle?

When Mr. Hoover assumes office a wide variety of proposed enforcement legislation will come forth seeking his and Congress' approval. All of it will be radical. Most of it will cause even the fanatical Drys in Congress to blink their eyes.

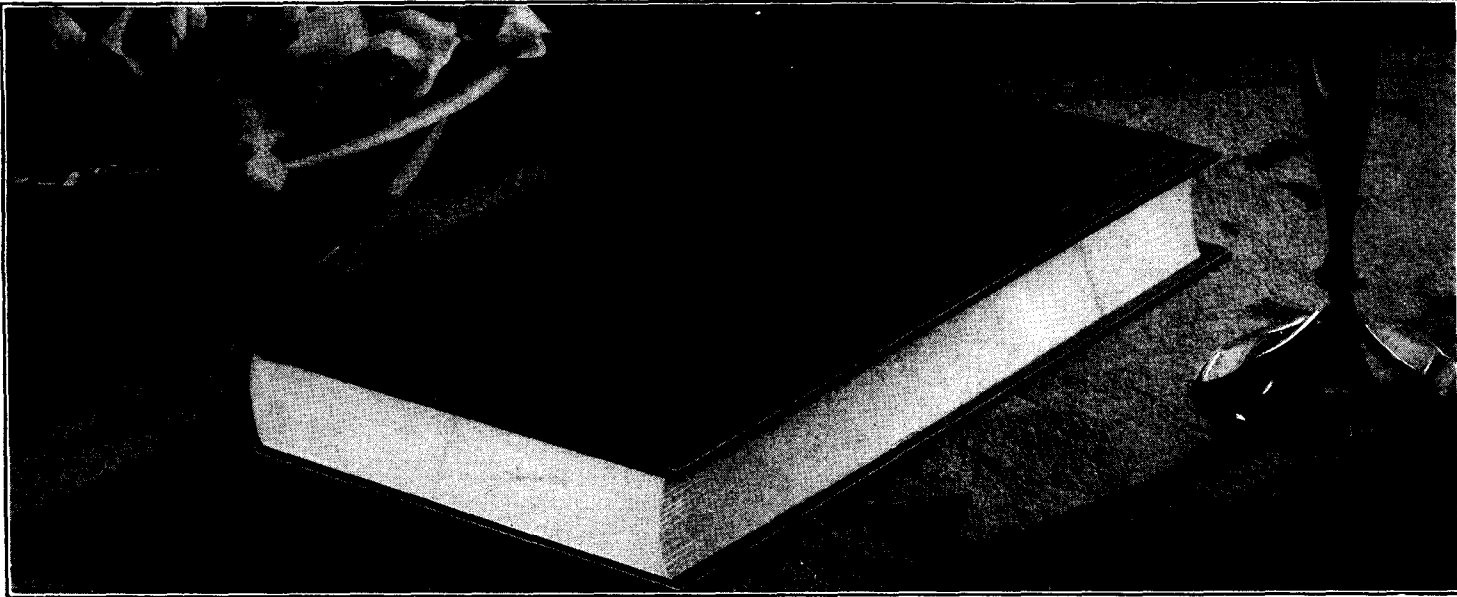
It is wholly possible that all of it will be deferred from immediate congressional consideration if, for example, Mr. Hoover elects to appoint a commission to investigate the liquor situation with a mind to knowing what's what before embracing any plan for a drier America.

It is the opinion of the dry leaders in Congress that Mr. Hoover, a lover of investigational bodies, will avail himself of just such an opportunity to put off the battle.

(Continued on page 28)

This Singular Book Wields a Strange Power Over Its Readers

Giving them a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY almost instantly!



Will You Read It 5 Days Free—to Prove It Can Multiply Your Present Income?

A STRANGE book! A book that seems to cast a spell over every person who turns its pages!

A copy of this book was left lying on a hotel table for a few weeks. Nearly 400 people saw the book—read a few pages—and then *sent for a copy!*

In another case a physician placed a copy on the table in his waiting-room. More than 200 of his patients saw the book—read part of it—and then *ordered copies for themselves!*

Why are men and women so profoundly affected by this book?—so anxious to get a copy? The answer is simple. The book reveals to them for the first time how any man or woman—old or young—can develop a Magnetic Personality *instantly!* It explains how to gain *overnight* the personal charm that attracts countless friends—the self-confidence that insures quick success in any business or profession.

It tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular everywhere, in any society—how to

overcome almost at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have—how to be a magnet of human attraction, popular and well-liked wherever you go!

It not only tells exactly how to accomplish these things—it tells you how to accomplish them without delay—*instantaneously!*

Whence Comes This Uncanny Volume

Forty years ago, Edmund Shaftesbury, famous student of the human mind, set out to discover the secret of that rare quality—Magnetic Personality. He first applied his discoveries in his own circle of friends. Results were astonishing! His meth-

ods seemed to have the power of almost instantly transforming people into *entirely new beings!*

Quietly, almost secretly, Shaftesbury's fame spread. Great men came to him. His students and friends embraced such names as Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Edwin Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Cardinal Gibbons, and others of equal fame.

Until recently, Shaftesbury's teachings have been available only to people who could pay \$25 or \$50 each for instruction books. But now, through the efforts of a group of his students, his wonderful teachings have been collected into a single volume, at a price *within the reach of all!* And furthermore Shaftesbury has consented to reveal hundreds of new discoveries never before put into print.

Strange Effect on Readers

Readers of this book quickly become masters of a singular power to attract others—to influence men and women around them. Not by force—not by loud argument. But rather by some subtle, insinuating power that sways men's minds and emotions. They are able to play on people's feelings just as a skilled violinist plays upon a violin.

Folks are never the same after reading this book. Their manner changes. The tone of their voice, the expression in their eyes—yes, even their actual features seem to change—seem to grow more cultured, more refined.

The eyes—windows of the soul—become clear, beautiful, expressive, luminous as a crystal sphere. The voice grows rich, resonant—mellow as a golden bell. Folks listen spellbound—charmed by the fine modulations—the cultured fluency of the tones.

What Others Say

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quickly learn to fascinate people you meet—to attract new friends—to gain the speedy promotion and big pay which always come to men and women who have developed that most wonderful of all qualities—a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY!

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"I feel I must let you know what a wonderful change you have made in my life. I feel as if I had received a gift from God."



Chester

MILD *enough for anybody*



What a cigarette meant there

Ten seconds to go—
and raw nerves fighting wearied muscles,
driving them on into that fearful unknown
beyond the wire. What man will *ever* for-
get the steadying solace of that last sweet
stolen smoke?

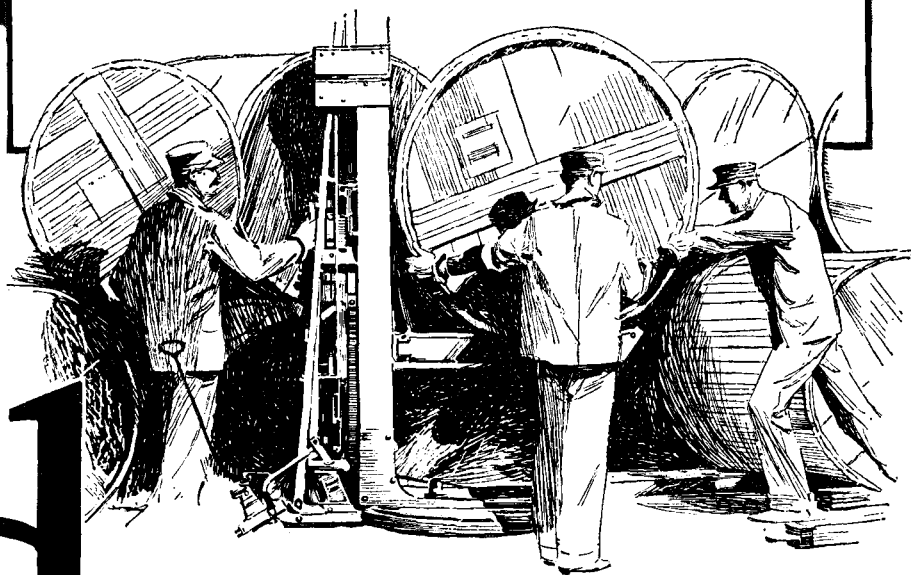
What a cigarette means *here*

Two years to go—
the slow "ageing" by which tobaccos for Chester-
field lose all bite and harshness . . .

Mysterious, this chemistry of Nature! Endless
rows of great hogsheads, stored away in darkness;
choice tobacco, tightly packed . . . just waiting.
And as if on signal, twice each year the leaf goes
through a natural "sweat"—steeps in its own es-
sences, grows mild and sweet and mellow.

Selected leaf, costly patience, endless care —
that's what a cigarette means *here*. But right
there is *exactly* the reason why Chesterfield
means what it does to you!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



*Millions of pounds of
choice tobacco from each
crop are stored away in
great warehouses to "age."*

field

. and yet **THEY SATISFY**



Texas Still Breeds Texans

By THE GENTLEMAN
AT THE KEYHOLE

THE last public appearance of Representative Tom Connally in Texas before he came north to attend the present session of Congress, at the end of which he will be a senator from Texas, was as grand marshal of the annual turkey trot at Cuero.

Now a turkey trot at Cuero is not a dance. It is just what its name suggests, a parade of the grandest birds raised in the greatest state of the Union, 100,000 of them. At the beginning of the holiday season they are assembled at Cuero, the shipping point for Texas turkeys, and are driven through the streets, divided into regiments like armies, a man or two officering each regiment, while the whole countryside lines the streets and its heart warms with pride at the sight. At the head of the parade is always some great Texan. And this time it was Senator-elect Tom Connally.

All of this is to prove that the new senator is a typical Texan. Where else in the world but in Texas could you have a fiesta like the proud march of 100,000 turkeys through the streets? And where else would you see a senator marshaling so worthy a parade as this?

Tom is a Texan of the soil, of the black earth of the river bottoms with its promise of a million harvests, of many millions of such birds as marched through Cuero this November—if it is in the bottom lands that they raise turkeys. Nothing that is of Texas is alien to Tom. He is of the breed of Sam Houston, of old Governor Hogg, with something of Joe Bailey in him.

Enough to Feed a Nation

He farms and practices law, just as that other great Texan, John Garner, farms and runs banks. Everybody farms in Texas. Some of them farm and raise oil. That is the richest agricultural product of Texas. But if they don't raise oil, they raise turkeys, or Angora goats, or figs, or spring peas, or rice, or cotton. The soil is everywhere, enough to feed a nation. It invites, and not in vain.

Tom Connally is described as the "fightin'est senator" that has come from Texas in many a long year. Up to the time the Ku Klux Klan and prohibition got hold of Texas there used to be plenty of fightin' senators and representatives from that state. These twin repressions bred a lot of pussy-footers. But Texas is now recovering and sends Tom Connally to the upper house, glad once more to have a "fightin' senator." As a proof that Tom Connally is ready for anything one may point to his record as a soldier in two

wars, a private in the Spanish-American War and a captain in the World War.

It takes nerve in Texas for a man who has a nice sure job in the lower house to come out for the Senate. Of all the lotteries in the world a Texas primary is one of the most uncertain.

I have forgotten whether there were seven or seventy candidates for senator in this year's Texas primary. But there were a lot of them. In a race like that you may be the best and most popular one of the lot, but some of the lesser candidates, for local or other reasons, are likely to cut into your normal strength so that no one can guess where you are going to finish. And unless you finish first or second you are out of luck, for the first primary election is an elimination contest, and the second is a run-off between the two who finish at the top of the first one.

A Hard Hitter of the Old School

So when one runs for senator in Texas he must be prepared to campaign all over the state twice, all over that vast empire, almost a continent in itself, visiting every hamlet and cross-road, riding thousands of miles, shaking every hand, making hundreds of speeches, not once but twice. And this Tom Connally did, all in the space of a few weeks.

And his speeches made all Texas emit a barbaric yawp of delight. Accustomed in these last gentle days only to such rude interludes as afforded by pastors who shoot their parishioners in self-defense, the Texans awoke to the fact that here was a Texan, a hard hitter of the old tradition of Governor Hogg and Joe Bailey. Editors blinked their eyes and wondered how much of his plain talking they might safely put into their papers.

Out of the slough of Klanism and prohibition Texas has come back. Of course Tom Connally was elected, and he will probably be reelected as often as he wants to be.

This all may suggest that we've got another noisy fellow in the Senate. But it is not true, for we know him in Washington after his ten years in the House. Tom Connally is an extraordinarily adaptable fellow. He knows his onions—of which they raise endless acres in Texas.

All this means that it looks as if a real senator had arrived in Washington, as a result of the efforts of 35,000,000 or so voters at the polls in November. One may be pardoned for growing as rhapsodical over the arrival of anything more than a fat body and a fat mind in the Senate as over an angel's visit.

Dry Eyes on Hoover

Continued from page 24

There is a bill which would condemn as common nuisance any room, house, building, boat, vehicle, structure or place where intoxicating liquor is manufactured, sold, kept or bartered—and this includes your home. The penalty upon the occupant of such a public nuisance is set at "not less than \$300 fine and imprisonment of not less than 90 days." Furthermore, if it is shown that the owner of such premises "has knowledge or reason to believe" that liquor is to be found there and it is found there the property may be sold to pay all fines and costs assessed against the guilty person.

Unless Mr. Hoover outmaneuvers its sponsors, Congress will be presented with a bill which will make the manufacturers of industrial or denatured alcohol responsible for their product's ultimate usage. In other words, the manufacturer will be held liable if, after passing through a number of hands, the denatured alcohol which has been legally manufactured and sold is re-distilled or recooked for drinking purposes.

The tremendous blow this would aim at large legitimate business makes it inconceivable that such wild legislation has a chance of passage. Yet it will be offered.

Bills That Will Get Nowhere

There will be bills denying jury trials to second offenders and even to those who, in the opinion of United States commissioners, are patently guilty. There will be those who will advocate writing the word bootlegger into the law and placing the designation upon anyone who gives one drink to another person or tells another person how intoxicants can be made for private consumption.

Also, lurking in the House of Representatives office building there is a bill which would add the art of sniffing to prohibition enforcement. If this bill should by any chance become law, you could go to the nearest court and make affidavit that, as you were passing your neighbor's house, your nostrils detected liquor. And the court would be obliged to issue a search warrant on that affidavit and the federal enforcement officers would have to investigate the sniffed premises. The affidavit made by the sniffer would be impounded by the court and the searched neighbor could have no way of learning the identity of his accuser.

It is hardly possible to forecast the number and character of all the legislation which will be offered to Congress; but it is a simple matter to predict that a great majority of them will get nowhere in particular because of their impossibility of operation.

None of these bills, as far as I was able to learn, has the present backing of the entirely practical Anti-Saloon League of America although there are members of that organization who are not at all satisfied that Mr. McBride and other directors of the League are as radical as necessary. Mr. McBride lets it be understood that he is in favor of enforcement, not dramatics.

"Legislation may have our approval," he said, "but may not be of our writing. We are not concerned in writing the laws. As a league, that is. The laws will be suggested by our members back home and their representatives in Congress. Our mission is to agitate for enforcement, to arouse and organize public sentiment for or against men and legislation.

"Our procedure during the Presidential campaign just finished will illustrate.

"Let us take a church with a membership of, say, a thousand. We, the Drys, saw to it that a committee of fifty of that membership were entrusted with the business of getting the vote registered and then to the polls.

"The fifty would be carefully selected for their willingness to work and their fidelity to the Dry cause. Each would be given a list of twenty members of the congregation. Beginning with the first registration day the committee would telephone and call upon the members on their lists and get them registered.

"Seldom was a committee member compelled after the three registration days to report any failures. Thus the entire membership of our churches was shepherded to the polls. In the meantime those thus aroused to register were exhorted to get out their neighbors who might not be members of the church. The great incentive was prohibition. Was the law to be upheld or was the law's enemy to be victorious? Did this country want Mr. Hoover and enforcement or Governor Smith and nullification?

"You know the result.

"We of the Anti-Saloon League of America who have devoted the past 35 years to the work of national prohibition realize that a great reform like this may not be affected over a night nor over a year nor over a President's term of office.

"It will take time to make America wholly dry. But you have only to survey the vote of the past few years to see that the Drys are growing in numbers and that their growth is rapid.

"We cannot succeed wholly until the newspapers and the magazines accept prohibition and come to understand the futility of opposition. And I believe that with the growth of dry sentiment amongst the readers and advertisers in newspapers and magazines, presently, the editorial and news columns of newspapers and the pages of the magazines will be converted to law enforcement."

Optimism Everywhere

I left Mr. McBride to visit the legislative headquarters of such kindred minds as the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the officers of the dry leaders in Congress.

I found them all a bit ignorant of what Mr. Hoover will do about prohibition enforcement but all of them equally optimistic with Mr. McBride.

And as I made visit after visit it became clear that the situation that will obtain when Mr. Hoover enters the White House will amount to this:

We will behold a somewhat bitter struggle between the practical Mr. Hoover and the fanatical Drys.

Mr. Hoover, a political Dry and an avowed friend of prohibition but by nature and training moderate in all things, will try to hold the fanatics in check while seeking rational means to enforcement.

The din will be great.

But quietly on the sidelines will sit the Anti-Saloon League of America watching the fray and withholding its hand and saying:

"All we want is enforcement. Come, Mr. Hoover, that is why we voted for you—elected you."

All of which makes it quite easy to be glad that one is not President of the United States—just now.



HAMPTON

NEW!

ARROW has a wholly new TYPE of starched COLLAR that is rescuing YOUNG men from the sloppy informality of sport shirts for business wear . . . for it is ACTUALLY EASIER than a soft shirt . . . AND MILES HANDSOMER

IN New York and Chicago—where styles either take hold or die fast—a brand-new type of gentleman's white collar has just met the *hardest test* and the *warmest greeting* any collar ever had.

It's made of a new fabric, finer than beautiful linen, and fully starched. As the name implies, it is the new aristocrat of the house of Arrow. It weighs only $\frac{3}{4}$ of one lonesome ounce; it's as pliant as a reed. Its metropolitan success has now made Golden Arrow available in five

smart styles—in every good men's outfitter's in America.

Golden

ARROW
 35¢ . . 3 for \$1 **COLLARS**

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, NEW YORK
Makers of Arrow Collars . . Handkerchiefs . . Shirts . . Underwear

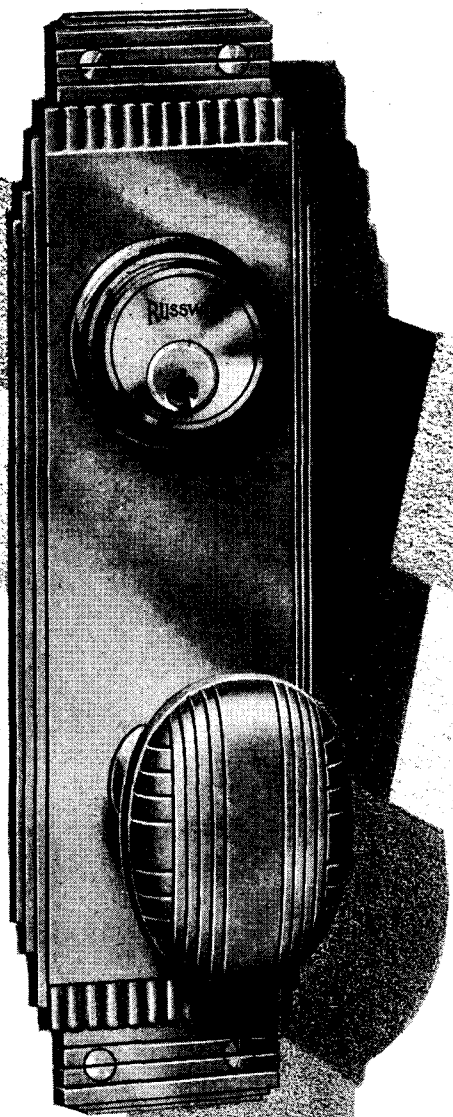
RUS SWIN – Originators interpret the decorative



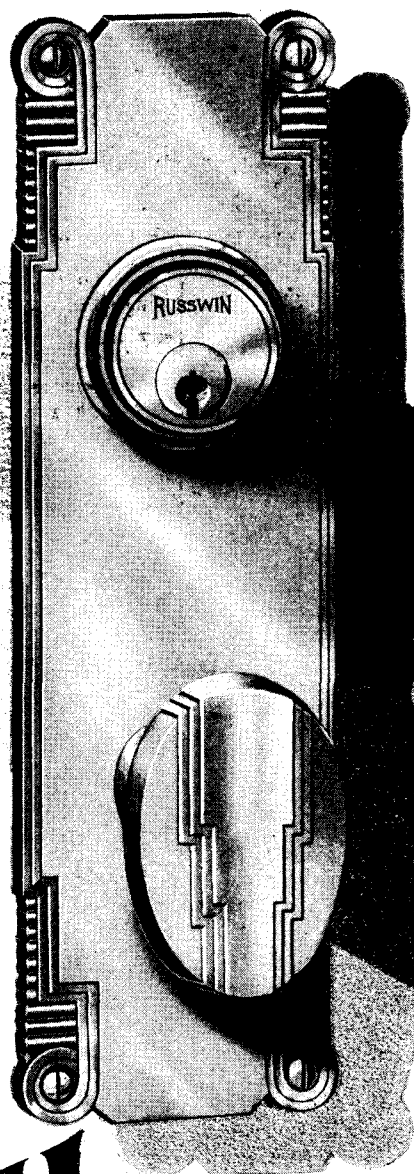
**Modern hardware as used in the
reception room of the New York
..... offices and show rooms of
Russell & Erwin Mfg. Co., Madison Ave.
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of Modernistic Hardware to motifs of this era

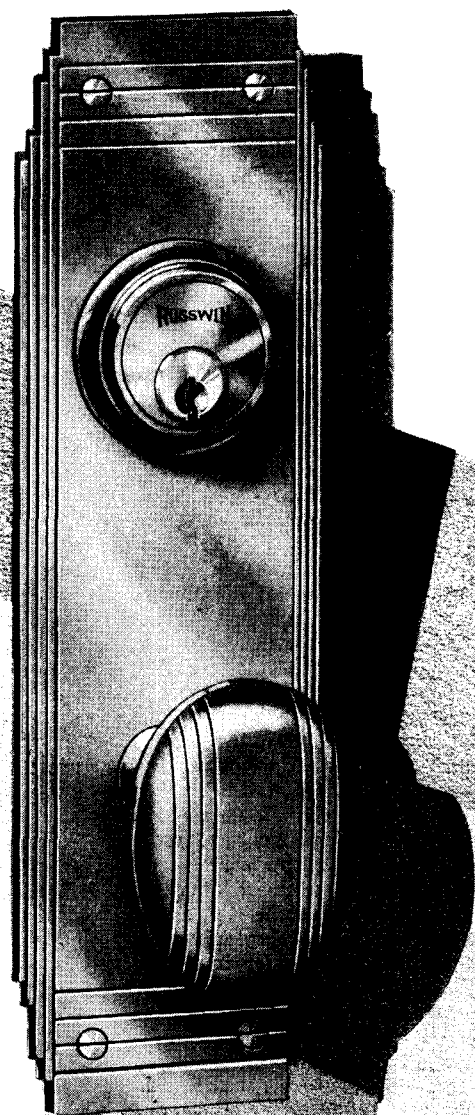
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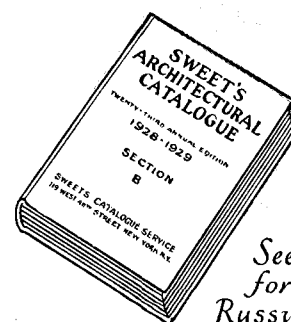


Pyramid



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SINCE 1839
RUSSELL & ERWIN
DISTINCTIVE
HARDWARE

Hardware that lasts—Base Metals of Bronze or Brass



*See pages 2519-2598
for a listing of
Russwin Hardware*

RUSSELL & ERWIN MFG. CO.
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
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By Edwin E. Slosson

MARK TWAIN used to say that everybody complains about weather, but nobody ever does anything about it. Still true, but perhaps not true forever.

At present meteorologists confine themselves to observing and predicting the weather and do not attempt to control it. But an outsider need not keep within the confines of professional caution, and a plan for the practical prevention of hurricanes has been projected by a professor of physics in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, W. S. Franklin.

He was born in Kansas in the days when the settlers had to be ready to turn out in a body, day or night, to fight a prairie fire. Then, in order to protect their crops and homes, they started back-fires, that is, small conflagrations easily controlled nearer the settlement which burned up a strip of the grass in front of the advancing flames and so checked their advance.

Professor Franklin proposed to apply the same tactics to storms. As the pioneers of Kansas fought fire with fire, so he suggests that the people of Florida fight wind with wind.

A violent storm occurs when the atmosphere is in an unstable state, as, for instance, to the south and east of the point marked "low" on the weather maps where warm moist air near the ground is coming in from the south and southwest, and is overlaid by a vast body of unduly cold air which has flowed outward from the "low" at high altitudes. Any local disturbance is likely to upset this unstable equilibrium, and there the atmosphere is set whirling for hundreds of miles around. Professor Franklin thinks that dangerous conditions might be prevented from gathering by setting up steel cones, 15 to 20 feet in diameter at the base, 40 to 50 feet at the top, and a hundred feet high. Exploding a ton or more of gunpowder in each of these would send up smoke rings to an altitude of several thousand feet, and so forestall the storm by relieving the tension.

I wrote Professor Franklin asking him how the recent Florida hurricane might have been diverted, and he answered:

"Look at the weather maps for Sept. 11, 12 and 13, 1928, and you will see evidence of a very serene atmospheric state to the south and east of Florida. On Sept. 14 this serene state persists, but the great collapse is under way, and is going strong in the neighborhood of Porto Rico.

"A glance at the maps for Sept. 14, 15 and 16 will show you that the potential energy of the unstable state which is in process of collapse is being carried to the central part of the storm

as it travels along, and that energy is thus collected from a belt three or four or five hundred miles wide.

"If the delicately poised state of instability could have been touched off at three or four places to the eastward of Florida anywhere in a belt three or four hundred miles wide and 800 miles long at any time during Sept. 11, 12, 13, 14 or 15, the central energy of the storm might have been very greatly decreased and the local touch-offs, or 'back-fires,' would probably have been only moderate storms, each bringing in energy into its central path from a narrow belt only."

Reading the Examiners' Mind

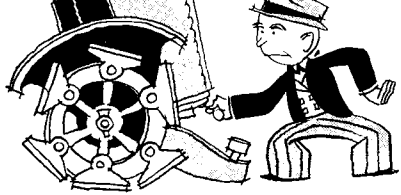
Education is becoming scientific. And not alone on the side of the educator. The young person who is supposed to be seeking education, but who is really endeavoring to dodge it, is also adopting modern methods.

Dr. Cyril Norwood, Head Master of Harrow School, England, revealed at the recent Glasgow meeting that a handbook could be bought that contained a classification of all the questions which had been asked for the last 33 years in the common entrance examination to the public schools taken annually by four or five thousand thirteen-year-olds. From this it may be seen at a glance that information about Queen Victoria has been asked 97 times but nothing about Edward V. So the lad who is pressed for time should cram up on Vic but might cut out Ed V and take his chances. Equally practical advice is also given in geography and languages.

No examination system is so general in the United States but similar quiz compends and guides to the mental habits of examiners are published. Even the trembling candidate for Ph. D. can procure for love or money a list of all the questions that have been asked by a particular professor in previous oral examinations and so can, by the application of the principles of the calculus of probabilities, calculate pretty closely where the lightning is likely to strike next.

Victor Hugo showed long ago that a criminal employed more labor and brains than would suffice to earn him an honest living.

Perhaps the modern student of the leisure class gets his education in devising ways to avoid it.



Marriage for Two

Continued from page 15

for being a fool once, but a second time. . . ." She shook her head.

"What was the first?" he asked.

"Kissing Helen Wilson where Weedon could see you," she answered.

His eyebrows raised. "So Paul has talked already, eh?"

"And will talk more. You struck him, Larry. He had to talk."

He studied her. "You girls all think alike—and correctly, don't you?"

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"Joyce warned me, too," he replied.

"Larry, you incredible child, do you mean that you told Joyce, yourself?"

"Why not? She'd have heard it rather soon, I think. Don't you?"

She ignored the question.

"You didn't tell her because you were afraid someone else would, Larry. Oh, Larry Tracy, don't you know that the time to tell a woman you love her is not when you've just discovered it?"

"You're not by any chance given to this sort of thing, are you? It must be rather disconcerting to your intimates, Jeanne."

"Oh, I've not been reading your mind, my child," she laughed. "One doesn't do that sort of thing, Larry. One reads one's own mind, guesses that someone else has reacted in the same way—Larry, dear boy, I didn't know I loved Jim until—well, there was someone else. Jim—bless him—lets me do as I please. Always has. And—Jim's older and—understands. But I didn't understand. And someone else—yes, there was a kiss, too, Larry, and I ran straight to Jim, and told him what I'd just found out, that I adored him and no one else."

"Then you did exactly what I did."

"But with a woman it's different, Larry. You should have waited—waited until Helen Wilson's gone—what did Joyce say? No, I didn't mean to ask that. It's none of my business. In fact, none of this is my business, but—your wife is sweet, Larry."

"I've discovered that," he said dryly. "So have others, and so will more," she told him.

"You were, I believe, about to warn me about Billy—"

"Don't be silly. Billy's a gentleman. But breeding doesn't always protect a man from himself, you know. Larry, don't neglect—"

"Oh, my God, don't make me laugh, Jeanne," he interrupted. "If there's neglect, it will be hers. Not that she won't be right about it—"

"I WISH," sighed Jeanne, "that there were no such thing as sex loyalty. But there is, and I'm a slave to it. With which cryptic remark the beautiful young matron indicated her desire to be asked to dance, and the gentleman—"

"Rose to the occasion. Mrs. Mazell, will you do me the great honor to aid me in knocking a few Argentinians off this here, now, dancing floor?"

As they glided out upon the floor, the marquis and Joyce returned to the table. The two women smiled at each other, but Valdemagara's nod to Larry was none too cordial.

As they sat down Joyce noted a cut on the knuckles of Billy's right hand. "You're bleeding," she said.

He nodded carelessly. "Hit it against something."

Joyce eyed him. "When?"

He avoided her eyes. "Outside—on a rock."

She shifted the subject suddenly.

"Why are you offended with Larry?" His amazement was too great.

"Offended? With your husband? My dear Mrs. Tracy—"

"Why?" she flatly interrupted.

"I don't know what you are talking about," he protested. "Larry is one of my best friends—"

"Which always adds to the gravity of the offense," she said. "Why, Billy?" "Aren't you being a bit serious without reason?" he asked.

"Perhaps you have been serious—without reason," she countered.

"Let's dance," he abruptly suggested.

"We've danced enough, Billy," she said gently. "So—Mr. Weedon has been talking already, eh?"

Valdemagara blushed deeply. "I don't know what you mean," he muttered.

"AND you struck him. That was rather fine of you, Billy, even if it's the one thing that will make him talk the more. You see, Larry had already struck him, yet—he talked."

"Larry struck him?"

"Of course. Men are like that. They never realize that blows only have effect upon the brave, who are humiliated by them. The coward—and that's why you were cool to Larry. You expect too much of men, Billy, and being a man you should know that."

"I wasn't cool to Larry," he protested.

"Then you didn't believe Weedon?"

"What do you know about all this, anyway?" he asked.

"Only what Larry has already told me. You see, he kissed the lady. Weedon saw them, and—Larry came to me."

"The idiot!" exclaimed Valdemagara.

"So another person—of my own sex—said. But I don't feel that way. I—after all, it was decent of him."

The marquis' eyes met hers. "Then you've forgiven him? Joyce—you are my friend and I am your friend, and I shall always call you Joyce—you have forgiven him?"

"Ah, that is something else," she replied. "To respect a man for his honesty does not mean that one forgives him for—other matters. Now—shall we dance again?"

But Jeanne Mazell, surrounded by her group of suitors, came to the table.

"We're going bathing," she announced.

"Where? You can't do that over here, Jeanne," said the marquis. "This isn't America."

"Really?" Jeanne's gentle eyes hardened. "One might equally truly say that it isn't Spain, where, I understand, midnight bathing parties have been known to occur."

"I am properly abashed," said Billy. "But where?"

"Here—in the Casino, I mean, a hundred yards from here."

"It's closed," objected the marquis.

"I've already arranged for it to be opened," retorted Jeanne.

"Then there is no more to be said," said the marquis with mock chagrin.

He turned to Joyce.

"Aren't you afraid of the water at night?"

"He's trying to make you agree to sit out on the sand with him, Joyce," said Jeanne. "Don't let him spoil my party."

"I thought," said Valdemagara, "this was my party."

"Oh," said Mrs. Mazell, "I'll let you pay for everything, Billy."

"Angel," breathed the marquis.

He took Joyce's arm on the descent to the sea, and kept up idle chatter on matters having to do with the subject they had just been discussing.

(Continued on page 34)

Sore throat

breeds in crowded, drafty places

Gargle when you get home



JOINED YET?
Get in the circle of men
who've found the perfect
shave—the cool shave with
LISTERINE
SHAVING CREAM

Listerine full strength *kills even typhoid germs in 15 seconds*

AS soon as nasty weather sets in, thousands are down with sore throat, colds, gripe, flu, or worse.

Don't be one of them. Gargle with Listerine full strength every day—especially after exposures to rain, severe cold and coughing crowds in public places—buses, street cars and movies. This simple act may spare you a costly and possibly a dangerous siege of illness.

Because Listerine, full strength, is powerful against germs—and sore throat, like a cold, is caused by germs.

Repeated tests show that Listerine

The safe antiseptic

kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

Realizing Listerine's power you can understand its effectiveness against the milder winter complaints caused by germs. Each year increasing millions rely on it.

Keep a bottle handy and at the first sign of trouble, gargle repeatedly. Don't hesitate to use it full strength. It is entirely safe in any body cavity.

If a throat condition does not rapidly yield to this treatment, consult your physician. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Fewer colds —if you do this

Millions of colds start when germs, transferred from the hands to food, enter the mouth. Therefore, before every meal, rinse your hands with Listerine. This effectually destroys disease germs. This simple act may save you a nasty siege with a cold. And it is especially important for mothers to remember when preparing children's food.

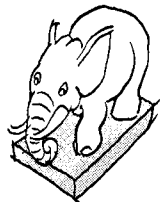


Lucky Olive

By Jack Binns

OLIVE KLINE, the young lady who modulates her rich soprano voice with a quaint Spanish tinge to add native color to the Columbia Chain hour sponsored by a cigar manufacturer, is known to all her friends as Lucky Olive. She earned this nickname through her amusing but uncanny habit of successfully defying every popular superstition she can find.

When Olive is not engaged in appearances before the microphone, she is looking for black cats so she can induce them to pass in front of her, or trying to find ladders under which she can walk. Friday is her favorite day for starting things, and she just dotes on the number thirteen. If she sees a pin she "leaves it lay," and nothing gives her more pleasure than spilling salt all over the place.



Dog Eat Dog

Surely some of the morning lectures sponsored by various food merchants are creating distrust in the minds of listeners. Many of them are deliberately menacing in their tone, and predict all kinds of horrors to those who eat the most ordinary kind of food.

I listened to one the other day, delivered by a man with a sepulchral voice, wherein the evil of eating white bread and honey, or even raisin bread, was described in ghastly detail. He was followed shortly by another speaker who traced all the ills of mankind, including the seven-year itch, to meat eating. One wave channel away—after I had tired of listening to these two—I found another describing the benefits of meat as a diet, so there you are.

After all, we cannot escape the fact that even those devoted people who eat naught but the most scientific of foods eventually die. Whether they get pleasure out of life some of us will never know, and many more will never care. It seems to me that the object of the sponsors of these programs would more likely be attained by presenting constructive suggestions for the use of their own products rather than such distressing discussions of competing diets.

Etherized Waves

Can you imagine tipsy radio waves? Anyway the passage of these waves through ether seems to intoxicate them to such an extent that they roll over with complete abandon during their journey. Dr. Ernst Alexanderson, experimenting

with short waves some time ago, discovered they turned over corkscrew fashion.

Ernest Merritt and William C. Bostwick of Cornell, reporting observations of the waves with respect to fading—which has annoyed many a distance-loving fan—have found that this exasperating effect may result from a number of causes including changing polarization of the wave. This, of course, is the scientific way of saying that the wave has gone whoopee.



Getting Music from Jazz

An experiment is under way on the Columbia Chain with a 37-piece orchestra, known as the Columbians, each Wednesday evening. In announcing it the chain officials state:

"It has frequently been the case, heretofore, that dance orchestras have reached up to a symphonic medium to help interpret their renditions. In this case, however, dance music and modern rhythms are being used to make symphonic music more interesting. In other words, an orchestra will be heard adapting and bringing the fullness of its artistry to a medium that has been neglected. Just as a great artist can make fine a simple piece of music, so, under proper direction, can a symphonic orchestra make of dance music a thing of wonder."

The age of miracles has not yet gone by.

Legs We Love to See

Out of the NBC studios comes this little item: "Some of the musicians suggest that there is no better way for a novice to study rhythm than to watch Gustave Haenschen's legs as he conducts."

"Director Haenschen is as active as a jumping jack with the one difference that no jumping jack could possibly have studied rhythm."

Gustave, by the way, conducts the hour devoted to the glorification of the schoolgirl complexion.

With all due respect to the eminent Gustave's genius here is one novice who prefers to pursue his rhythm studies in the well-known school of glorification which is conducted by Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld.



Marriage for Two

Continued from page 32

At the entrance to the Casino, Joyce parted from him with the feeling that he was distinctly even nicer than she had at first thought him. Women must like him and find it easy to love him.

How easy would it be to love him? She felt herself blushing as she asked this question. And another came uninvited into her mind. How easy would it be to make him love her?

She wondered how Larry Tracy would like the answer to this if she told it to him. For she knew the answer now. Billy Valdemagara might have resisted women for nearly thirty years, but he couldn't resist now for thirty days. Perhaps thirty hours would be enough to complete a conquest. The red-headed Spanish marquis had reached the end of meaningless dalliance if she, Joyce Tracy, chose to have it that way.

Did she choose? As she undressed in the privacy of her bathing cabin, she wondered.

THE Casino officials, complaisant to the whims of rich sojourners, had illuminated the beach. As an adventure, this midnight swimming party left much to be desired. As a dip into wickedness it also left a great deal to the imagination.

Everyone was as properly clothed as in the daytime, and instead of two life-savers, there were four policemen to enforce the rule against venturing too far out into the sea. Also, the water, never too warm, was chilly tonight.

Jeanne Mazell, always desirous of being extreme, was the first to admit that she had been wrong in her wish for thrill tonight, and cry enough. Ten minutes after the first toe had been timidly inserted in the sea, the last of the bathers was shivering in his room, pulling on clothes and crying loudly for cognac.

Back in the half-deserted Reserve the party languished. The cold water had killed the inclination to dance.

"Jeanne, as a leader of the fast younger set, you seem pretty much of a bust to me," chaffed Larry.

Mrs. Mazell shook her blond bobbed hair defiantly.

"I thought it would be fun—but I see it wasn't. Well, who's for home and bed?"

"I can look the idea in the face without qualms," said Larry.

"Me, too," said Valdemagara. "Jeanne, you have ruined an evening."

"Too bad," mocked the pretty blonde. "But it's past two o'clock and I need my beauty sleep."

She rose, and even had the temerity to stretch and yawn, which proved how justly conscious she was of her good looks. Across the dance floor came Helen Wilson and her mother, accompanied by Burton. They had not been with the Valdemagara party, but it was apparent that they knew everyone, and they exchanged gay farewells with all.

Suddenly the very sight of Helen became unendurable to Joyce. Behind the table where she sat was a row of palms and Joyce slipped through them. She couldn't leave without Larry and she had not seen him since the brief adventure on the beach. But she didn't want to talk to Burton, queerly felt that if he uttered another hinted threat she'd scream, and she certainly didn't want to scream.

As for Helen—the girl was shameless. Joyce didn't condemn easily. She knew—better than most—what circumstances would do to people. But here was a girl who had deliberately thrown overboard the man she professed to love, and who was now cheating her

fiancé while she endeavored to bring back to her side the jilted man.

Scruples? Where were they? These people, who prided themselves on being smart and fashionable and well-bred, thought no more of a marriage than they did of a social engagement.

She couldn't face any of them until the soft night breeze blew upon her face, wafted away the angry thoughts within her brain. . . .

She stood on the top of the cliff, watching the white breakers gleaming far out on the bar, and hearing the nearer ones crash to bubbling foam on the rocks below her. She felt that queer sensation which height sometimes brings, the sensation of being about to fall, of falling, of leaping, and that desire which suddenly accompanies the sensation.

Was this Joyce Tracy, who felt an unaccountable wish to hurl herself from the cliff-top. . . . She put out a hand, touched the trunk of a tree and steadied herself. She put a hand to her forehead and found it wet with perspiration.

"Here you are, eh? Been looking for you."

It was Larry's voice, and what animosity she may have felt for him a while ago was dissipated now in the relief which his presence brought. She had a strange feeling of rescue. . . .

"What's the matter? What's wrong? You're trembling," he said.

She swayed toward him and he put an arm around her.

"The height—made me giddy," she gasped. "Almost thought I'd have to jump over—"

"My God, I'll never let you on the cliffs again," he said. "Why did you come out here? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Never felt this way before," she said.

The arm about her was pressing her tightly, and she disengaged herself. Couldn't he, even in the moment when he was earning her gratitude, keep from affection?

"All right now?" he asked.

If he sensed her repugnance he gave no indication of it.

"All right," she said. "But I'm tired—I want to go home."

"We'll be snug in bed in Resaurie in half an hour," he promised. "Nice party, eh?"

"I guess so," she said.

"Come along," he ordered.

SO HE was going to ignore his confession, eh? Well, it was better that way. They couldn't quarrel over it. He'd kissed Helen Wilson and professed regret. Unless he mentioned it again she wouldn't. At least, she'd try not to. With feminine logic and candor she knew that she would mention it—at least once.

They said their good-bys and half an hour later, as he had promised, they were at home. It was a half hour of silence, and their good nights were perfunctory. Joyce was asleep ten minutes later.

And it was some time after that that she became conscious that someone was shaking her into wakefulness. She opened her eyes. Bending over her, fully dressed, was her husband.

"Wake up. Listen to me," he was saying. "Weedon is dead. Found at the foot of that cliff at the Reserve. Pushed over. Now listen: the police will be here soon. Billy Valdemagara phoned. You—were—not—out—on—that cliff! Understand?"

(To be continued next week)

"Twice as many re-orders!" "Better class of inquiries!"

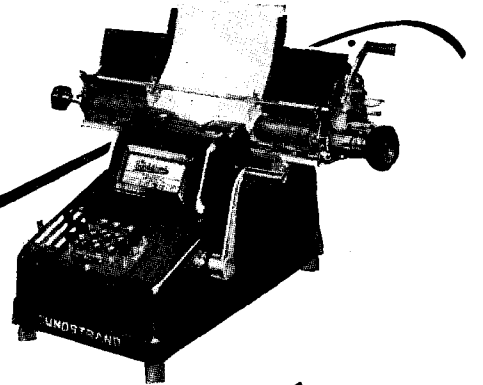
PUROLATOR in the automotive industry — and Sundstrand in the business field — add their testimony to the evidence that is piling up on Collier's value as a quick-acting market for good merchandise.

Both began advertising in Collier's in 1928. In the short space of one year both have proved Collier's unusual responsiveness to a sound sales appeal. For example—



PUROLATOR

MOTOR IMPROVEMENTS, INC.: "The results of this campaign have been remarkable. PurOlator is already getting more than twice as many re-orders as in 1927 — sales are increasing daily by leaps and bounds— and the campaign is not yet six months old."



Sundstrand

GENERAL OFFICE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION: "Not only is the volume of inquiries from Collier's greater than . . . from other publications on our Sundstrand list, but the class of inquiries seems to be much better than the average."

COLLIER'S circulation has increased to more than 1,750,000 because it is keyed to the swift-moving spirit of the times. It has attracted over 718,000 new readers in 3½ years. Its readers are alert, active, *interested*. This means a steadily rising tide of buying power — and quick advertising action!

Collier's *for Action!*

now more than 1,750,000

Black Magic

ONE of the nice things about juggling Colliergraphs is that it's all so simple. No rolling back the carpets, no running over to the neighbors to borrow scorepads or cricket bats. All you need is a pair of snippers—anything from nail scissors to tin shears—and a pencil. But the details are below, together with astounding information about \$5.



Mary Virginia Bill, 431 W. Price St., Germantown, Pa.



Allene Bergman, 1378 Newland Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.



Mrs. F. Hanni, 130 N. 8th Ave., Brighton, Colo.



Agnes Gahagan, Reedsburg, Wis.



Harry Defore, 129 North Ave., W., Apartment C-5, Atlanta, Ga.



J. Gifford Scarborough, 117 W. High St., Elkton, Md.



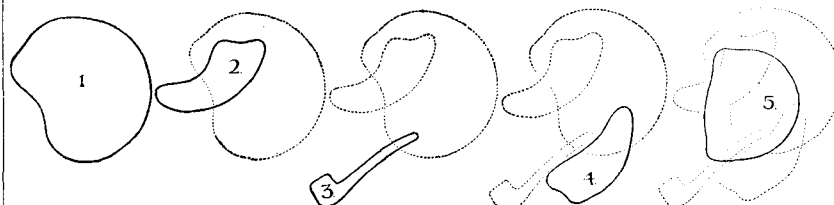
June Krocze, 731 Worden St., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.



Mrs. Wm. H. Hertzog, R. F. D. No. 3, Nazareth, Pa.



D. M. Stith, 3320 2d Ave., Richmond, Va.



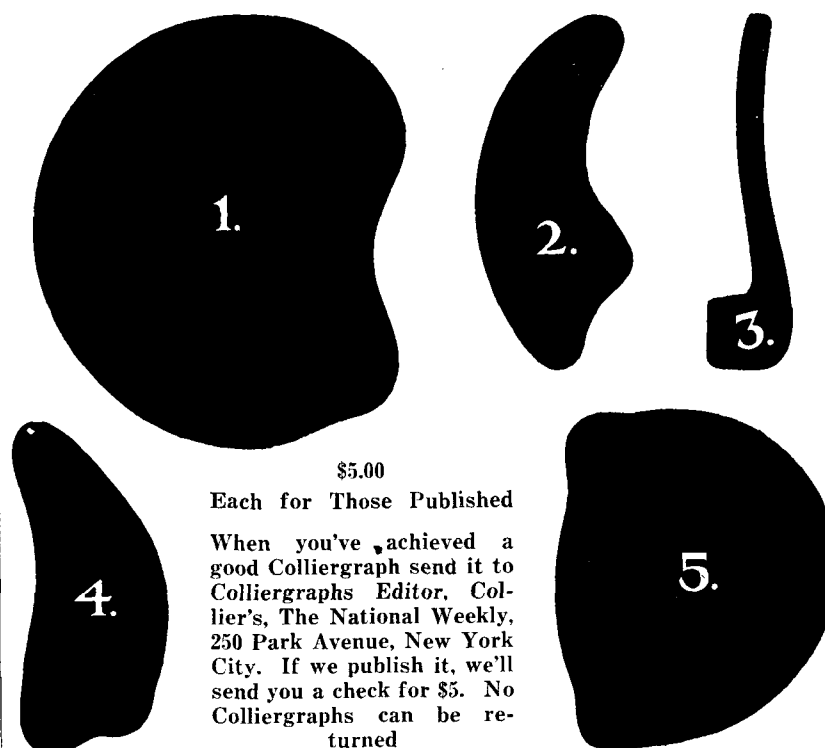
How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard, separately. When you've laid them on top of one another,



shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette.

Here are the pieces—cut them out



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Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 17

for instance; of a serpent; of a cross with a broken arm.

"Yes, you must be careful to whom you speak here," repeated Mitzi in a low voice, looking around among the tables. "The regular work of our Intelligence Department in Switzerland—that is carried on from Geneva. But here are those who are higher in command, those who stay at a distance and hope to be unrecognized. This afternoon, though, someone tells me that Neuchâtel is not so private as it was."

"You mean the Secret Service of the other side is coming here, too?" Delavan carelessly inquired.

"OUR friends are afraid so. That clever-looking gentleman over there with his charming niece, for instance; they say he comes from Paris. And though I think it is a clumsy thing, myself, the lilies on his table are there to tease him, because he likes to tell the world he is a Canadian—from Quebec."

"His niece looks French enough."

"His niece is the bait—and the camouflage as well. But wait and I'll show you some more. You see the little man with the bald head who talks with such vivacity to the ladies at his table? I often saw him talking so in Washington before America came in the war. Sir Eric Palmerton, an Englishman, as I need not tell you, and I do not like his chatter. He is here, he says, for his health, war or no war. And later, perhaps," added Mitzi, with one of her dark, spicy smiles, "he may go somewhere else for his health—war or no war!"

For the better part of three days these lessons continued; and then on the evening of the third day, as they sat on the terrace after dinner, Mitzi dropped her voice and said, "Mill. . . ."

"It's coming!" thought Delavan. "She's just about had time to learn that I wasn't fooling her about Shultz and Carragan."

"If you had a chance to do something—on my side—would you be willing to do it?" she continued, almost under her breath.

"There's a question for you!" he countered. "High as a steeple and wide as a church! Do something? Yes; I'd do something—provided 'something' doesn't mean 'anything'!"

"Of course it doesn't," she said. "It means—well, it means Intelligence work—the kind that I've been doing since the war started."

"Working with wits instead of weapons?" said Delavan.

"Exactly."

Dell appeared to hesitate. Whatever he showed, it mustn't be eagerness.

Judge Henrichs' instructions had been simple enough. Delavan was to proceed to Switzerland, and there learn whatever he could that would be useful to the judge on his later arrival—and particularly everything possible pertaining to the German Intelligence Service. If, now, he could only study that Service from the inside—!

"You're sure it doesn't require too many wits?" he smilingly inquired.

"I've been able to do the work," she told him.

"All right," he suddenly nodded. "I've a few scores to settle. Show me how!"

"When we go out," murmured Mitzi, "you will leave me on the veranda. Then you are to stroll to the elevator as though going to your room. Only instead of going there, you will ride to the top floor, and knock on the door of No. 600."

"Is that headquarters?" whispered Dell, his pulse quickening again.

She answered in the same guarded voice:

"I know of none higher this side of Berlin. . . ."

When Delavan knocked on the door of No. 600, he couldn't help wondering what type of man he was about to meet. An old veteran, perhaps, with a closely clipped head—or one adorned with a Von Tirpitz beard—or a U-shaped mustache. Yet when the door was opened and he had been admitted into one of the inner rooms of the suite, he found a tall, elderly man sipping an after-dinner coffee and watching the sunset—a tall, elderly man who reminded Dell of the pictures which he had seen of Balfour, and who would have looked at home in almost any university of Europe.

"Herr Delavan?" he asked, looking up.

"Yes, sir," said the young man, standing quietly at ease, but conscious that his heart was beating faster.

"You will join me in coffee?"

"With pleasure."

Over their coffee they talked a few minutes, especially of America and her proposed part in the war.

"I like the way you speak German," nodded the chief approvingly. "And now let us try your English, if you please."

It wasn't at all the reception which Dell had looked for. He had expected at least some semblance of examination, cross-examination, questions like quarrels, the sharp glances of disbelief. "He must have looked me up already," he thought, "and Mitzi's probably told him what she could."

"You are a pilot, I understand," thoughtfully continued the chief. "What planes can you handle?"

"Any kind, sir, as long as I have a chance to study the controls a few minutes."

"M'm. I understand you would like to join our forces."

"Yes, sir."

"M'm," again. "You might pass for a German—if you were careful—but I doubt if you could pass for an Englishman—not with your American accent. But no matter. A number of Americans enlisted in the Royal Air Force, and in that way you might be useful to us until the American planes begin to get into service. If an American flyer in a British uniform were forced down back of our lines, for instance, and you could take his place—"

HE DEVELOPED the theme as a professor of music might develop the three chords of Rachmaninoff's Prelude.

"For some time," he continued, "I have noticed that flyers are privileged characters. If a German plane comes down on one of our landing fields, he is always well looked after before starting back for his own unit, and no questions asked. And if a British plane chances to go visiting behind the Allied lines, no question of identity is raised, as far as we can learn. You see the possibilities of this?" he broke off.

Indeed Delavan saw them—saw them and marveled at the possibilities.

"In that case," he said, "in a British plane and uniform—however acquired—I could land wherever I wished on the southern side of the trenches."

"For oil, say, or gas," ponderously nodded the chief.

"Or the more elusive 'engine trouble.'"

"Which sounds as difficult to define

as a slacker's 'pain around my heart!'"

"And while on the ground," continued Delavan, "waiting for supplies or tinkering with the engine—"

"That's it!" beamed the other. "There's hardly any limit to what you could learn! And now—about terms—"

But Delavan wouldn't enter into that. "Some things are done for money. Some aren't," he said. "So far as I'm concerned, this is one of the things that aren't."

The chief looked at him—looked at him with the same air of detached interest with which an entomologist might at a beetle under his magnifying glass.

"They dismissed you from your own army, I believe?" he said.

"Yes," said Dell in a choked voice.

"Let me see. . . . For some sort of roguery, didn't they claim?"

"For cheating at cards," said the young man, unexpectedly finding himself rising. "And if you care to believe it—" he added, with a sudden ring in his voice.

"Frankly, I don't believe it," said the other with a soothing wave of his hand, "but that is only on a report which I have received. So why not tell me briefly how it happened, and then I can judge for myself."

DELL told him the story, as quietly as he could.

"To me it rings true," the chief thoughtfully remarked. "In fact, I will tell you I believe your story. Nevertheless, you understand, the verdict of the court-martial is irrevocable. I mention this merely to remind you that your disgrace on the other side is complete and final—which is only another way of saying that by every rule, both of reason and sentiment, your natural place is with us."

"When a man has been thrown out of his own army—" said Delavan, in a troubled voice.

"And I am glad that I can believe you about the card game," continued the chief. "For a man who cheats at cards would naturally cheat at other things. In due time, for instance, he might even try to cheat us, and that," he added almost in caressing tones, "is a most unhealthy business, I assure you!"

"I can imagine so," said Delavan. And indeed he had imagined it often—more than the older man across the table would ever know.

"And now," concluded the latter, "I will turn you over to my aide, Lieutenant Mueller. The Herr Lieutenant is in the next room, and as I asked him to make a note of our conversation, he, too, understands why you are here today." Almost without raising his voice he turned to an open doorway and called "Lieutenant Mueller!"

No answering figure, however, appeared in the doorway.

Delavan had risen; and walking into the next room he saw a motionless figure of a man seated at a desk, his body bent forward, his head resting on a writing pad, as though sleep, too often deferred, had suddenly overtaken him and would no longer be denied.

Delavan went to shake his shoulder, and the next moment he knew that this was no unconsciousness of slumber.

A long angry-looking welt showed its length across the crown of Lieutenant Mueller's closely cropped head.

The stain of an overturned ink bottle was still slowly spreading on the blotter.

"Just happened!" thought Dell, his eyes sweeping the room, his heart beating as though in exultation that his pursuit of adventure, so often delayed, seemed now more certainly about to begin.

The room was a small one, with only one door, and that leading into the room where Delavan and the chief had just been talking together.

"Then he's in here yet!" was Dell's second thought, and again his heart took upon itself a faster beat. The furniture in the room consisted of the desk, a chair, two small dressers and a wardrobe. The wardrobe was partly open, a shallow affair, full of small boxes and affording no reasonable chance for concealment. But between the two dressers was a deeply curtained window—a window, moreover, which was directly behind the unconscious figure sprawling over the desk.

"That's where he is!" thought Delavan; and beginning to marvel at his own immunity from attack, he suddenly divined the hidden man's purpose. "He's waiting for the chief!" he breathed to himself. "He's hiding behind the curtain there to shoot him! Mueller's the bait, the room's a trap, and I'm the wrong mouse that's strayed in!"

"What's the matter?" asked the chief in the next room. "Is he asleep?"

"Wake up! Wake up!" cried Dell, calling on the gods of guile. "Surely you aren't as sleepy as that!"

Clear though the warning was, the chief failed to take it.

"Queer," he said, "so early in the evening."

His footsteps could be heard approaching. From the corner of his eye Dell was intently watching the curtain; he saw a slight ripple of the fabric as though the hidden one were settling himself to take aim. The next moment Delavan had smashed out the lamp and was diving for the window. There was a crash, a fall, a whirl of draperies; and when the room was quiet again, a wild-eyed, dark-haired youth was looking up from the floor, swathed in the curtains behind which he had so lately been concealed.

"It's Ludwig, one of my waiters here," said the chief, staring down at the captive. "But, Ludwig, I always thought you were a good Swiss."

"I am not a Swiss," said Ludwig as proudly as his position permitted. "I am a good Serbian."

"You may be a Serbian," said the chief thoughtfully, "but I wouldn't call you a good one." He picked up a small nickel-plated revolver from the window embrasure. "This is yours?" he asked.

"Yes!"

"And you meant it for me?"

"Yes!"

"Thank you. Then I'll take it."

Opening the window he flung the weapon far out into the lake. He stood for a few moments, as though waiting for the distant splash, and then went over to the telephone.

"The manager's office, please," he said. And a few moments later, "Herr Karkut? This is No. 600. Yes, thank you. I wish you would find me a doctor at once. . . . Yes. . . . Lieutenant Mueller has been hurt. And then I wish you to come yourself, please. . . . What? . . . Oh, one of your waiters is acting queerly, and I hardly know what to do with him. Yes, thank you. I will."

STILL watching his captive, Delavan nodded with deep content.

"Here's a rich one to tell the judge," thought he.

At half past two the next day Delavan's baggage was taken down to a car which was waiting in the courtyard. He was about to follow it when Mitzi came to his room.

"I could not let you go with such a formal good-by," she said, "and the others might wonder if I kissed you in full view. You will be careful, Mill dear, and be sure to come back safe?"

There were tears on her lashes as she lifted her face.

"Auf wiedersehen," she breathed.

Delavan thought of that kiss more than once as his car rolled on toward

(Continued on page 38)



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(Continued from page 37)

Bienne. With Mitzi behind him, he had broken the last string which tied him to the past. In a few hours now—

"How long before we reach the frontier?" he asked the chauffeur.

"Before dark, with any luck. We are to stop at Bienne."

They didn't wait there long. The car drew up to the sidewalk near a hotel, and a few minutes later the tall, goggled figure of the chief opened the door and seated himself by Delavan's side.

"As fast as you can to Basel!" he curtly exclaimed to the chauffeur. And turning to Dell: "You see? You did not lose me so easily!"

The hotel at Neuchâtel, he added, had become too well-known.

"And when the waiters begin to shoot!" he continued with a shrug of his shoulders. "Besides, I wish to see you started right. Observation by airplane: that is an old story now. But espionage by airplane: that, I believe, is something new."

More than ever he was the reflective professor engaged upon research work—a chemist, say, who had discovered a new reagent—a bacteriologist who had bred a bug which would find a place in the textbooks of the future.

They reached Basel while it was still light.

"We shall take a train from here," said the chief as the car turned in at the railroad station. "First I will attend to the passports and then we will have our dinner."

The train left at ten o'clock. At half past eight next morning, having slept as well as he could on a seat which might have been upholstered to outlast time itself, Delavan awoke in a city in the north of France; awoke and found the train stopped in a station.

"Charleville," said the chief, rising. "We have arrived."

OUTSIDE, the platform was crowded with German soldiers who were embarking on a troop train, evidently bound for the front. From the south, as though to hurry them, rolled the distant growl of the hungry dogs of war. . . .

"Somebody is getting ready for a push," said the chief as they breakfasted together at the Hotel du Lion d'Argent. "It isn't often you can hear the guns like this."

"Are we far from the front?" asked Delavan, a newborn tingle of excitement running under his hair.

"About forty miles," the chief told him.

"A British plane was brought down here the other day," he continued, "not too badly damaged, they wrote me, and although the pilot wasn't lavish with his information they discovered he was an American. The plane should be repaired by now. So first we'll go and see if you can handle it."

A car took them to a military flying field a few miles from the town, a field laid out in the form of a great cross. At the north end was a long row of corrugated metal hangars, and in one of these, directed by the officer in charge of the field, they found a British Goshawk of the observation type.

Apparently it hadn't suffered much from its recent capture.

"A forced landing and rough ground, probably," thought Dell, looking it over while the chief and the officer talked together in low tones. "The chances are that she nosed over. . . . Yes. . . . the cowl is battered."

"Can you manage it?" asked the chief.

Dell climbed into the cockpit. The control stick was simple enough, and so were the rudder bar and the indicators on the board.

"Let's try her," he answered. "She's

much the same as other ships I've flown."

In response to the field captain's whistle mechanics hurried forward. The plane was first fueled and then warmed up and pushed out against the wind. Meanwhile Delavan had been equipped with helmet, goggles and gloves, and he took his seat at the stick again—a modern knight in different armor and certainly on a different mount than the Templars ever knew!

"Aufsteigen!" he ordered the mechanics at the propeller.

The long, lean blades first flipped, then leaped, then climbed to a purr which could still be heard above the engine's roar. The plane moved forward, faster and more eager, until halfway down the field when Delavan cautiously gave her the first backward tilt of the stick.

For a hundred yards she seemed to

skim along as though on the tips of her toes, and then almost imperceptibly the ground floated away and the world slipped down—down—down until the flying field was like an iron cross on a cushion of green velour, and the motionless figures staring up at him might have been specks of rust.

"At last!" exulted Delavan, straightening out to try her speed. "I ought to be able to pursue adventure now!"

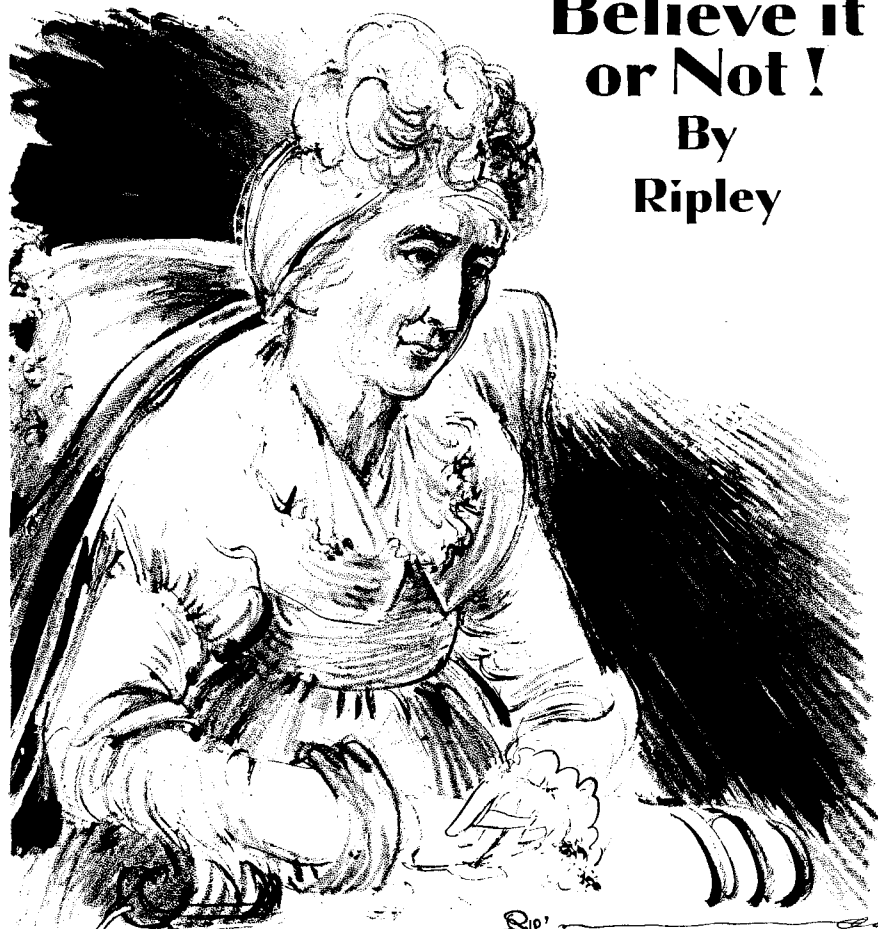
FROM the field below and behind him he saw two other planes rising, probably from the line of Fokkers which he had seen beneath the sheds, the muzzles of their machine guns glaring like lack-luster eyes.

"And they're pursuing me. . . ." grimly added Delavan. "I hope they haven't got me here for target practice today. . . ."

(To be continued next week)

Believe it or Not!

By
Ripley



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The Shanghai Test

Continued from page 18

"Oh, what a liar," he said, in honest amazement. "Sitting here, all by himself, guzzling drinks. I didn't know you were a solitary souse. In fact, you told me back there in Tokyo—"

"George," I said, "sit down and pick yourself a liquid pansy. I shall explain everything."

"That's Shanghai all over," George murmured, sitting at once and disposing of a drink with lightning rapidity. "Gets a man down before he can say Kwong Seng Ching. This is the Paris of Asia, my boy. Busts up your moral code in no time at all. You shouldn't be drinking alone though. Bad business, drinking all by yourself. Worst kind of drinking. What's that red stuff?"

"George," I said earnestly, "Shanghai or not, I haven't had a single drink. Honest. The only thing I had was one ice-cream soda tasting slightly of soap."

The Tears of Maidens

George looked pained and incredulous. I told him the full story of the Staten Island Local, and of how I had come across oceans and continents to take the Shanghai test.

"What's in that glass on the end?" he asked.

"Champagne," I replied. "Tears of the maidens of France."

George immediately disposed of it and licked his lips.

"Let's go places," George said warmly, "see people and do things."

"All right," I said, leaping to my feet, for I was suffering.

Jerry was sitting at one side, but immediately joined us and it turned out by a mere coincidence that Jerry likewise wished to go places, see people and do things. Jerry was part of the white population of Shanghai, or, as I dubbed them laughingly, the expatriates.

"The thing to do," said George, introducing me to Jerry, who pounced upon a drink from my dying battery, "the thing to do is to go on over to the Odeon Club and look around."

"The Odeon Club," Jerry announced, "is the best club in Shanghai. Walk over here and meet all these women."

It was then I felt happy I was not a married man, for Shanghai ladies are young and lovely to behold.

I strolled over with George, and Jerry introduced me to seven handsome ladies, all wearing fur overcoats and drinking what appeared to be gin and bitters.

"Sit down beside me," said a beautiful Russian girl, a blonde, "and tell the boy what you wish."

Staten Island, I ask you, what could be fairer than that? I sat down. I told the boy, not what I wanted, for I desired to step into the precise center of the gayety and order a couple of steins of gin. . . . I told the boy what I had to have, which was a mug of plain water, with a dash of lemon juice, which is good for one's liver. . . .

"Let's go," Jerry commanded, after a time, so we went, piling into quaint Oriental motor cars made in Detroit, Mich., rushing through the damp streets of the magic city and hauling up finally at the first stop. The first stop was the Odeon Club of Shanghai.

"This," declared Jerry, pointing at it proudly, "is the largest and swellest club in Shanghai."

"In Asia," corrected a beautiful girl twenty-two years old, with laughing brown eyes.

"In the world," added Jerry.

Our little party entered the Odeon Club in what military people would call

staggered marching order, and sat down in the central bar. "There are three bars," Jerry explained, "but this one is good enough for us. . . . Boy, bring seven hundred drinks, chop, chop."

There appeared immediately a frantic desire to show off the beauties of the Odeon to the stranger within the gate and three ladies cornered me, which was not hard to do.

"You want to see our club?" they asked.

"I am dying to see your club," I said politely, though I was nothing of the sort. I desired to sit quietly on a leather chair and fight my battle with the brown demon for the sake of the boys back on Staten Island. Furthermore, the hour was now advanced, and the Odeon looked to me like a club that was closing up for the night—all but the various bars.

"Come with us," said the three beautiful daughters of Shanghai in Russian coats and Paris hats and, being overcome with their triple charms, I started across the room, which seemed to contain nine hundred small tables and one million chairs.

Instantly the three lovely Circes deserted me and sat down casually with a group of English naval gentlemen, who were already well along with their wine work of the evening. It seems to be a municipal custom in Shanghai to sit down with anybody who is having drinks, so I stood abashed and helpless in the center of that great paneled room, waiting for whatever the gods might send. Four other ladies and a gentleman named Rosy walked up to me. I never found out why he was named Rosy.

"If Mildred and the girls won't show you, we shall," they declared and immediately they led me to the Pink Grill-Room.

"It is an exquisite room," they cried, "but not as nice as the Blue Grill, which we will now show you, Mr. MacDuff."

So they carried me along and showed me the Blue Grill without benefit of Edison. All I could see of the Blue Grill was a small table, the faint gleam of linoleum and a doorknob.

Gayety Gallops Along

The three ladies and Rosy continued to show me, and we saw the main dining-room, the Basque ballroom, which has bedsprings underneath to make it wiggle, and the statue of a gentleman who saved Shanghai from something. Becoming irritated, Rosy pushed buttons frantically and aroused up slant-eyed servants, who followed us glumly, hunting for fresh buttons at each new room.

Meanwhile gayety in the barroom galloped along in true old Shanghai fashion and one of our gentlemen guests began falling down stairs. I mean to say, every time anybody looked about for Rudolph, Rudolph was gone and every time he was found, he had just fallen down a fresh flight of stairs, not high, or long, or deep, but just stairs enough to annoy a man.

"Now," said Mrs. Flops, who was the most earnest of the ladies, "we want to show you our tennis courts."

I have seen tennis courts before and somehow the sight of a naked tennis court leaves me cold, especially at night. I am a golfer myself, and regard tennis as purely a simple means of enlarging the human heart, hardening the arteries and enabling an otherwise going citizen to leave everything to his family

at the age of thirty-eight. The ladies insisted, so I rushed along, through marble corridors, past waving palms, and presently Mrs. Mabel opened a door and I stood gazing out upon the Odeon tennis courts, which are famous, the same as Michelangelo and balloon tires.

"Forty of them," said Mrs. Flops. "They extend to that far light in the distance."

It was impossible to see anything, for the night was pitchy, a fine rain was falling and the ladies were getting moist. So was I.

"Really marvelous tennis courts," commented Mrs. Flops, who was carrying a pinkish drink in her hand, so as not to be caught unexpectedly and die of thirst in some remote and inaccessible grill-room. I stood there with the rain going down my neck, saying courteous things about tennis and we moved on to see the largest swimming pool in Asia.

In Total Darkness

The Odeon's swimming pool is notable throughout the world. Crowned heads have swum in it, but crowned heads could not have swum in it this famous Shanghai night, for all the lights were out and pushing buttons did no good whatever, the darkness remaining Stygian. Secondly, there was no water in the famous pool anyhow, and, thirdly, the whole place had been completely altered and was temporarily a handball court. The ladies explained these items rapidly and I said I could quite understand how it might be really the best pool in all Asia if it ever went back to first principles and got a little water in it. We then hurried around a corner and I was shown the badminton court.

Badminton, as it happens, is a game with which you boys back on Staten Island are not overly familiar, so I shall explain it in detail. In the first place, it is named after the Earl of Beaufort, an Englishman, and it is called badminton because that is the way the British pronounce Beaufort, all of which will sound odd to the residents of Albany, N. Y., but only because they have not been around much. The game is actually a form of lawn tennis and may be played as such, but if the players desire to play with a shuttlecock, then they play with a shuttlecock, a battledore being occasionally used. In that event, it is not called badminton at all. The players stand on either side of a net and hit the shuttlecock, or possibly the battledore. If there is no net, the game is changed to something else, or the players retire to the bar, which adjoins, and work up an edge of steam for the evening.

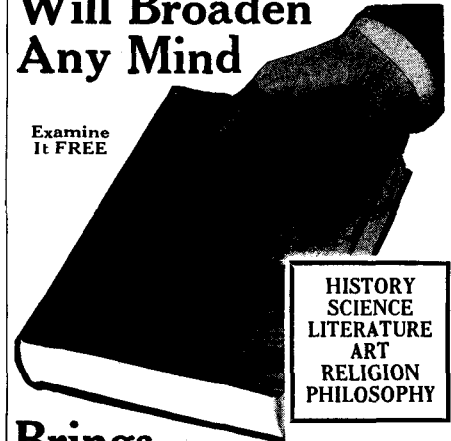
Mrs. Flops led me down a flight of steps to inspect the court, but it was the same old story. Not a button worked. I have never been in a club where so few buttons worked, and it was the first club I ever inspected in total darkness. Putting that aside the Odeon is by far the finest club in Shanghai and for the benefit of the Staten Island Local it is located at Number 19 Soochow Road, just across from Ping Liang Park. The bar never closes.

Upon returning we found George and Jerry eating Chinese food and conversing with strangers. All rose at once and announced that at this hour it was customary for adult whites in Shanghai to take a ride in a ricksha and never stop until they reached Number 54, which is located on Bubbling Well Road and is known far and wide as
(Continued on page 40)

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LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

(Continued from page 39)

one of the gambling hells of the Orient. "You'll love this place, Mr. MacDuff," prophesied a beautiful widow about twenty-four years old, with mischievous eyes.

I was now drinking black coffee, feeling the acute need of stimulus, and I wish to place upon the record that the Bubbling Well palace of chance is a difficult test for a total abstainer. A Sikh guards the doorway, carrying a club, and passes customers along to a Turkish gentleman, who sits up in a little cubby-hole, glaring about him with a bright Mohammedan eye. We were admitted at once, for Jerry knows everybody, and we walked into the main salon. It was quite late, but the rooms were filled with elegant persons throwing away money.

A Room of Elegant Persons

As we entered we were taken in charge by uniformed attendants who plied us with liquor in its more refined aspects. They likewise plied us with food. All this alcoholic wealth is as free as the open air. It costs nothing. It is given as a free gift by the generous gentleman who owns the Bubbling Well and whose name is Alonzo Chicgar.

He gives away too, all night long, the most expensive cigars in silver foil, Russian and Chinese cigarettes and delicate foods such as caviar sandwiches, sirloin steaks, broiled pheasants and pickled pigs' feet.

"Bring me," I said to the official, who wore a red cloak, a sword, a sash around his stomach and a blue hat, "bring me a small glass of water, with a dash of lime." They immediately wrote that order down in a record book and are now showing it to visitors who want to know why Americans are a queer people.

I shall pass hastily over the business at the Bubbling Well, for, after all, Staten Island Local Twenty-three did not send me to Shanghai to uncover the gambling situation. I will only say that any deluded gent who thinks he can enter into serious dealings with a roulette wheel and come away with funds is the same boy who believes in palm reading and hair restorers.

"Now," exclaimed Jerry, who was tireless as a female radio announcer, "let us shove off and call on the Gibsons. We'll show Pete a real Shanghai home. You never saw a Shanghai home, did you, Pete?" He was calling me Pete and had been since ten-thirty.

"No," I replied. "I never have." I was now as good a dasher as any man in Shanghai, so we dashed into the street, leaving the Bubbling Well and Mr. Chicgar counting new money, and summoned the ricksha reserves.

"You never rode in a ricksha, did you?" George asked, and I replied truthfully that the pleasure was ahead of me.

George and Jerry lined up the quaint vehicles, and counted the passengers. There were nine or ten of us, including beautiful young girls, striking widows under thirty and lovely matrons whose husbands were down in Hongkong over the week-end. The hour was late, but I was going strong, having switched to hot chocolate.

The rain now gave over fooling and started in to show a stranger what could be done in Shanghai. A cold wind blew and I partook of my first ricksha ride, surrounded by a gay battalion and shepherded by George, Jerry and a couple of friendly strangers.

A cold Oriental wind played about my legs, the oil-cloth curtain flopped dismally, the rain came in sideways, frontwise and from the rear, and the parade of the rickshas started for the home of the Gibsons. We never arrived,

which is typical. Nobody ever arrives any place in Shanghai, unless he starts for some place else.

There were ten rickshas in the line, the streets were sloppy with mud and the leading ricksha bore a fat man named Dawson, who had joined us because his brother was once mayor of Buffalo. Our leading ricksha coolie fell down suddenly at the corner of what would be West 38th Street and Sixth Avenue, New York, but in Shanghai was the intersection of Willow Pattern Tea House Lane and Nanking Road. Mr. Dawson went overboard and landed upon his forehead, nose, mouth, chin and other frontal features. He came up gasping for air and emitting shrill cries just in time to be run over by the rest of us, and it was at this point that I had the rare opportunity of participating in a Chinese riot in the exact center of Shanghai, the Orchid of the Orient.

I had heard of how the coolies mob gentlemen from America, and had been warned, no matter how mad I got, never to hit a Chinaman.

Mr. Dawson arose from the mud and socked his coolie over the head with an ordinary umbrella. The coolies gave off the Chinese war cry and there ensued a strange spectacle. It was quite late. Tea House Lane was deserted one minute before Dawson pulled his umbrella, and ten seconds later our gallant band of Caucasian investigators was surrounded by eleven hundred buggy haulers, all coolies. They demanded our blood for the insult, or fourteen dollars cash.

George and Jerry fell out of their rickshas and declared war on the Chinese, stating that no money would be paid, not even ricksha fares. This was where the riot started.

Five minutes after the reserves arrived in pleasant Tea House Lane there was heard the murmur of nightsticks upon Oriental skulls and the low gurgle of coolie language. Our besiegers went away hurriedly, leaving their buggies, and George spoke up.

"Serves us jolly right," he declared. "Who was it wanted to go to the Gibsons?"

"Mr. Higgins," replied Jerry, who had me confused with several persons.

"Let us go to Number 19," suggested a lady who had taken no part in the riot.

"Good," said George and the caravan started for Number 19.

Tired of Night Fighting

Being now tired of night fighting with coolies we summoned a fleet of motor cars and climbed in. My personal car being already filled with strangers I sat upon the floor and stuck my feet through a hole.

We passed down the festive highways of the night, through mysterious Shanghai, crossed the Soochow Creek Bridge and Jerry stopped the parade to get out and ask me if I was having a good time.

"This is your night, Eddie," he said. "You're going to have a good time in our town."

"If I live," I answered, "I shall always regard this night as one of the high spots in my career."

We rolled up to Number 19 and debarked.

"Come in here and have a real drink," George invited and our party walked into a genuine Oriental dive, where one observed notorious characters of the Shanghai underworld. Standing about the tables were men, white, brown and black, who had come from penal institutions all the way from Cairo to Hongkong. They stared at us as we entered and my blood began to chill.

Nobody else seemed alarmed and Mrs.

Flops began conversing with a one-eyed villain who had just been released from Bilibid prison in Manila after five years for some terrible crime. I decided to be as brave as the others and lost the rest of my shirt playing a game, the main feature of which is that you swap a ten-dollar bill for a cigar coupon every five minutes and hand the change to a stranger.

I noticed now that I was beginning to sink a trifle. The various drinks of the night were sloshing around in my abused interior, protesting and promising a morrow of indigestion. Everybody else was full of Oriental hootch and felt good, but my head ached and I began to have the first symptoms of non-alcoholic hangover, which is the same as the other.

Mr. Dawson, George, Jerry and four ladies decided to take me up to the Jade Temple and show me one of the night sights of all Asia, but I shrank against a wall.

"Come on, Henry," urged Jerry.

"No," I said in a weak but determined tone.

"You don't want to see a little of Shanghai night life?"

"I did see it," said I. "Furthermore, I'm all in."

"You drink too much," George remarked. "You're the darnedest soak I ever met."

"I know it, and I'm sorry. I've got to go to bed. I can't keep up with you folks and I admit it."

Alive—by Sheer Good Luck

At the hospitable doorway of Number 19 I tore myself away from the exhibitors of Shanghai, and it was an affecting scene, there in the rain. Some of the ladies wept and the Sikh officer prepared to bean a coolie. We shook hands all around. We said good-by, aloha and farewell. Mr. Dawson sang an old English hunting song. We shook hands all over again and George gave me his card. Jerry gave me his card, too. The beautiful ladies gave me their cards, and one of them asked me to look up a man named Emerson in Boston. Mr. Dawson hunted for five minutes, but found he had lost his card during the riot.

The taxicab drivers blew their horns, which is what a Shanghai driver is always doing when conscious, and my party left me, protected only by a Sikh.

I still had to find my ship, which lay across the Whang Poo at her pier, four miles down the river, and to reach her I must take a ferry. The regular ferries were long since closed for the night, making it necessary for me to hire a private junk, sampan, launch or what have you. I remembered what the purser had told me about fooling with private sampans after midnight. He had told me the sad story of an American named Jensen who had stepped into a launch at the Customs Jetty in the early hours of the morning. The man had been taking a whirl at night life, as I had been. He boarded his private ferry and the Chinese owner thereof looked him over, took out a long, slender knife and presently there was a strange gentleman floating down the yellow waters of the Whang Poo and a launch coolie was pawing over his loot. . . . I shivered.

Boldly I walked across to the jetty, glanced at the evil fellows who approached me and selected a skiff. It contained a motor and a Chinaman who would obviously murder his mother for a dime. I employed him to transport me to the steamer, and during the shivery little voyage I watched him. He did not pull his knife. By sheer good luck I came through alive.

Stepping aboard my steamboat I hurried back to America.

The Cross-Eyed South-Paw

Continued from page 7

Also, in Los Angeles, we took on Blackie Jordan, a two-hundred-and-twenty-pound dose of dark poison that none of the white challengers would play with, and Caspar gave Blackie one nudge in the pork-chop case and the smoke folded up like a deck chair. I was losing weight fast keeping up with Caspar, but I hoped to live to see the day when he and I'd be cutting in on million-dollar gates.

THE things that lad could think of to do nobody would believe. At the Lapinski ruckus, for example, I left Caspar in the dressing-room, with a fellow I thought had some sense to ride herd on him, and I went to Lew's dressing-room to make sure he hadn't slipped any anvils into his gloves. I didn't see Caspar till he climbed into the ring and when he slipped off his yellow bathrobe, I saw that he was still fully dressed in a checked suit that would have called out the fire engines.

I began to sputter, but before I got far Caspar chuckled off that suit, and underneath it was another suit, a brown-and-white-striped horror that I still see in nightmares. Grinning like an ape full of peanuts, he peeled off the second suit, and under it was another one, a fuzzy tweed that looked like it had an attack of hives.

The crowd was goggle-eyed by this time. Caspar continued to take off the terrible togger until he had a pile of seven suits on the floor, and any one of 'em would have given a stone dog blind staggers. Underneath the seventh suit was himself and fighting tights. I'd been sap enough to let him have a century note that morning to buy clothes with and the big yam had gone down to the water front to one of those second-hand misfit shops and blown himself to seven suits. Seven for a hundred and at that he'd been robbed. He just naturally had to give the world an eyeful of his new wardrobe, that was all.

I told one of the boys at the ring-side to take the gents' furnishings to the nearest dump, and that made Caspar so sore that he sailed into Lapinski and flattened him out.

Or take that time in L. A. When Blackie Jordan crawled into the ring, Caspar turned to me and said:

"I can't fight him."

"Why not?"

"He's black."

"Well," I said, "did you expect him to be purple with yellow spots?"

"I can't hit a black man," he said.

"Why not?"

"What would Abraham Lincoln think of me?"

"I could tell you," I said, "but I won't. Anyhow, his right name ain't Jordan. It's Lambert."

But even that didn't work.

"I got nothing against the black Lamberts," said Caspar.

I was up against it then; so I thought quick.

"Listen," I said, "he's really as white as you. Whiter. He rubs himself with burnt cork so he'll be harder to see."

"That's a dirty trick," said Caspar.

During the first round he didn't do any clouting to speak of, but kept rubbing his gloves on Blackie, trying to get the burnt cork off.

Between rounds he piped:

"You must of made a mistake, Mr. Cooney. He's really black. I'm sleepy, and I want to go to bed."

"You keep your chin out of the way or you'll go to sleep all right," I said, which was a foolish thing for me to say.

In the second Caspar kept sticking out his chin for Blackie to tap. Of course Blackie figured that there was a catch in it, so he worked on Caspar's midriff, which was a waste of time, because Caspar had a set of muscles a whizz-bang couldn't dent.

I LIT into him with all my tongue. He looked sulky. I was learning how to handle him, so I changed my tune.

"If you beat him," I said, "I'll give you a dandy present. Anything you want."

He thought a few seconds and then he said:

"Will you tell me the story about Goldilocks and the Three Bears?"

"Sure," I promised, although at the time I thought it was about a blonde and three Wall Street men.

So in the third he let Blackie have a bomb just above the belt-line.

I had to make good before he'd go to sleep that night. He knew the yarn by heart, so he prompted me. I'm glad none of the gang was listening in. Say, any time you crave to know the inside dope about Jack and the Beanstalk, or

Puss-in-Boots, or Little Red Riding Hood, call me up and I'll spill it. I learned 'em all.

But Caspar had tipped me off to something. Whenever I wanted to get him to do something, or keep from doing something, I always had Goldilocks and the Three Bears up my sleeve as a bribe. Between rounds of the Cheyenne Eddie Repetti go I had to tell him the one about Sleeping Beauty before he'd step on the juice and make a sleeping beauty out of Eddie.

Some day, if I ever pull myself together again, I'm going to write a book about my ten months with Caspar Crump. Maybe four or five books.

He had me pop-eyed. I lived on black coffee and hope. There was just one thing that kept me out of a padded celi and it was the fact that everybody Caspar fought he knocked endwise. So, finally, I was able to catch a big date for him, a bout with Mack Nash in Detroit, and Nash was the best of the heavies squabbling for the crown.

We checked in at a hotel in Detroit the afternoon of the happy event.

"Gimme a dime," said Caspar. "I want to go out and buy me some gumdrops."

He came back half an hour later, looking funny, even for him.

"Say," he said, rubbing the pink fuzz he used for hair, "I've been in this town before. It makes me feel queer. I'm not going to stay."

"The flivvers won't bite you if you treat 'em nice," I came back. "Now be a good boy and you can have a whole quart of ice cream for supper."

He stayed, but he was mopy and restless. I had them bring the food to the room and saw him pack it in. He always took a nap before a fight, so I tucked him in bed, and left him snoring, and went down to the lobby to puzzle over this new kink in Caspar. A bell-hop came by singing, "Mr. Rooney, Mr. Mooney," so I knew he wanted me—Cooney—and I flagged him. It seemed there was a man looking for me. He looked like a doctor, and that's what he was, a Doctor Langhorne.

"You're Crump's manager, aren't you?" he asked.

"Guilty," I said. "Manager and nurse."

"I know him," he said.

"See my lawyer," I said.

He laughed. Then he got serious: "Then he hasn't changed much," he said. "Do you know about him?"

"Plenty," I said.

"About his history, I mean?" said the doc.

"No," I admitted. "He never opened up about that."

"WELL," said the doc, "in the first place, his name isn't Crump, it's Grant, Harry Grant, and I ran across him some five years ago out near Orchard Lake, where I have a summer place. He was a fine young fellow, with a nice farm of his own, and was doing well, and was liked and respected. I used to talk to him, and found him a normal, healthy, sensible chap. Of course his eyes were a bit out of gear, but I was working on them, and with a year or so of treatment I could have fixed them; but I didn't get the chance. Something happened. He was courting a girl, a farmer's daughter, living near Orion—"

"Sally?" I asked.

"Yes; that was her name, Sally Hull, and a mighty fine girl, too. Another fellow had been paying attention to her, but Harry cut him out and everybody

(Continued on page 42)



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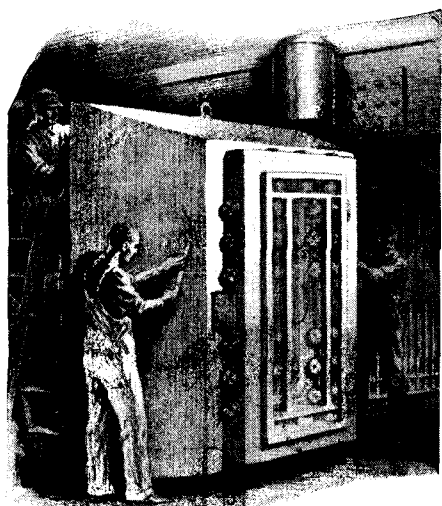
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(Continued from page 41)

said it was a good thing, because this fellow was a surly hulk—"

"What was his name?" I asked.

"Lambert," said the doc. "Well, it was all arranged that Sally and Harry were to be married, and Lambert was in an ugly humor. One night Harry drove over to Orion to call on Sally. This was two years ago. He hadn't got her note telling him that she'd been suddenly called to St. Paul by a sick sister; but he did get a telephone call telling him to come that night. It wasn't from Sally. Lambert had sent it.

"When Harry stepped through the door of Sally's house, Lambert was waiting in the hall and he had an ax. It wasn't a fair fight and Lambert hit Harry a wicked blow on the head and, thinking him dead, ran away. He hasn't been seen since. Harry wasn't dead; but the blow left a fog on his brain. Physically he recovered quickly; mentally he didn't. There was no reasoning with him. He got the idea that Sally had gone off with Lambert, and before we could get her back he wandered away.

"I was treating him—I'm a specialist in mental cases—and I'm sorry to have to say that I hadn't much hope of improving his condition. Anyhow, he broke out of the room where I'd put him, and we were never able to get any trace of him. When I saw Crump's picture in the papers tonight, I knew at once it must be Harry Grant. There aren't two faces like his in the world."

"Well," I said, "what are we going to do about it?"

"Frankly, I don't know," said the doctor. "Probably nothing can be done to cure him. He has the body of a man, but that blow knocked his mind back a dozen years or so, and fixed it there, so he'll always be a kid—with the mentality of a child of eight. It's a tough problem. I'm inclined to think it would be cruel to bring him and Sally together—now. It would be unfair to her—and to him."

"Where is she?"

"Still keeping house for her father near Orion. She hasn't married."

I packed a lot of thinking into two minutes.

"Perhaps," I said, "it would be better to let him go along as he is going—"

"Is he very unhappy?" asked the doc.

"Not him," I said. "I'm the one that does the worrying."

"There's nothing we can do," said the doc, "but let well enough alone."

"If you can call it 'well enough,'" I said, and then I shook hands with him, and went up to call Caspar.

On the way to the leather works he squirmed and wiggled and looked like he'd seen a banshee.

"I been here before—some time," he kept saying. "It makes me feel spooky."

HE'D have bolted out of the taxi if I hadn't told him his old favorite, the one about Goldilocks, and that kept him quiet till I unloaded him at the fight factory. When he got a look at Nash, he turned to me and said:

"I'm not going to fight him."

"Why?"

"He never did anything to me."

"Step out there and he will," I said.

"Will you buy me a banjo if I do?"

"Six banjos, seven drums and a grand piano," I said.

"I don't want a grand piano," he said.

"I'll make it a Shetland pony then," I said.

Then the bell rang.

Nash was taking no chances. Caspar looked like a clown, but Nash had heard tales of Caspar's left. So Mack fiddled around, prodding for a hole through which he could poke his pay-off right. Hitting Caspar solid was as easy as opening a safe with a sardine

sandwich. Caspar's mind wasn't on his work. He had a far-away look in his eyes—and nobody can look as far away as Caspar could. He kept rubbing around the arena, but Nash couldn't be sure where he was looking, so they waltzed through a tame round.

"Pay attention to your knitting," I warned Caspar. "Sock him."

"But I like him," said Caspar.

"He don't like you," I said.

"Why should he?" said Caspar.

You can't win an argument like that.

In the second, Caspar was still in a trance. Nash was bothered by his comic stance, and couldn't tag him proper, but just the same he played chop-sticks on Caspar's ribs.

"Still fond of him?" I hissed, in our corner.

"I wasn't thinking about him," said Caspar, "I was wondering if Sally is happy."

"You won't be happy if you don't get down to business," I said.

In the third, Nash got more confident and began to bang Caspar with both hands. Caspar swung a bit, but his blows were half-hearted and wild. He took plenty, and I saw that another round like that and he'd be ready for the river.

"Get this," I barked at him. "You may like this baby, but he's no pal of yours. Do you know about him and the birds?"

"No," said Caspar. "What about him?"

"He's a bird-beater, that's what he is," I said. "He spansks ducks to hear 'em quack; he twists the necks of geese; he always eats canaries on toast for breakfast, and I'd hate to have to tell you what he did to a pelican in Peoria once—"

"I'll fix him," said Caspar, and he surged up and out of the corner. Luckily the bell rang just then.

HE WENT at Nash like a fireman goes at the door of a burning building, and he hammered Mack all over the ring. Mack was ring-wise and he rolled with the punches, but Caspar was so excited he left himself wide open and Nash countered with a peach of a right, and I saw a blurry look spread over Caspar's mug. Nash stepped in with another straight right and over went Caspar, and his dome hit the floor with a sound like a man throwing a brick against an empty gas-tank. The referee counted over him just to exercise his arm.

In the dressing-room I hadn't anything to say. Neither had Caspar. He

was frowning and shaking his head, still groggy. I stepped round to the promoters' office to collect our end of the gate, and when I got back Caspar had left. My fifty-third pound had left too, by this time.

There was nothing for me to do but go out and hunt for him and Detroit is no village. I tried every place, including all the bird stores and the morgue, but no Caspar. So I went back to the hotel, and when I pushed open the door of his room, there stood Caspar, in front of the mirror, all dressed up in a new blue suit I'd bought him, whistling away as he tied a violent green-and-red tie. He turned around and stared at me and the look on his face was a strange one.

"I BEG your pardon," he said, and his voice was strange, too. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Just help pack the bags so we can catch the eleven-o'clock express," I said.

"I'm afraid," he said, in that new, quiet voice, "you've been drinking. You're in the wrong room."

"Cut the minstrel show stuff, Caspar," I said.

"Just who do you think I am?" he said.

"Well," I said, "you fight under the name of Caspar Crump—"

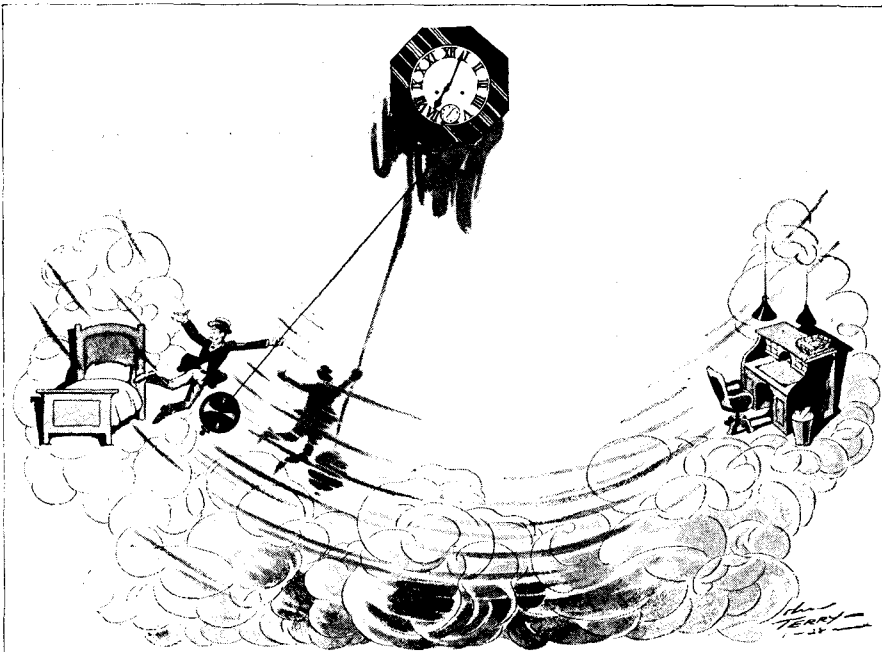
He laughed.

"I fight?" he said. "Man, you're lit or nutty. My name is Harry Grant, and I'm a farmer, out Orchard Lake way. Now please run along and don't bother me. I have an engagement with the young lady I'm going to marry and she lives out near Orion, and I don't want to be late."

I got it then. That bump on the conk had done it. I've seen plenty of fighters punched cuckoo in the ring, but this was the first time I'd ever seen one punched sane. He'd gone right back to the night he started out to call on his girl, and had been kissed on the brow with an ax. I pulled my few remaining wits together.

"I guess I made a mistake, Mr. Grant," I said. "Too much needle-beer, or something. Excuse me. Good night."

"Good night," he said, and that's the last I ever saw of him. Oh, yes, I've heard about him since. Just had a letter this morning from Doctor Langhorne. He says Caspar is O. K. and has just been married. Let's have another round of steak-and-kidney pie, son. I got to work to get back those fifty-three pounds.



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With Rope and Gum

Continued from page 13

not have told you, have fourteen children, all named Pat, and this number, with the parents, makes four tables of contract bridge. But neither Mr. nor Mrs. Rogers nor any of the kiddies cares for cards, so on party nights thirteen members of the family would sit around the room and listen to the fourteenth member talk and any of them caught asleep or laughing at the wrong time or not laughing at all was penalized by being made to sit up an extra hour, listening.

The house is at the apex of such a steep hill that fragile folk like Miss Garbo, Miss Negri and Miss Gish cannot climb it and have to send their doubles to the elaborate siestas which Will and the Mrs. are accustomed to give every eclipse.

A Good-Natured Fellow

To add to his value as a stage performer Mr. Rogers has recently taken up what he refers to as singing. His voice has something of the quality of that of a water spaniel with nightmare, but resembles more closely the mellow resonance of an Eighty-fifth Street car making the turn on to Madison Avenue.

Will's favorite sport is polo. He is rated a minus 12 goal man in the national rankings and is said to have barely missed two free shots in a match against the Hollywood Girl Scouts. He golfs, but gave it up because the sand made his eyes so sore that he couldn't

read the daily papers. He once suggested to Mr. Grantland Rice a game to be called polo-golf wherein a polo mallet and ball would be used and the player would go around the course on horseback, making all his shots from the saddle. Mr. Rice, a good-natured fellow, changed the subject.

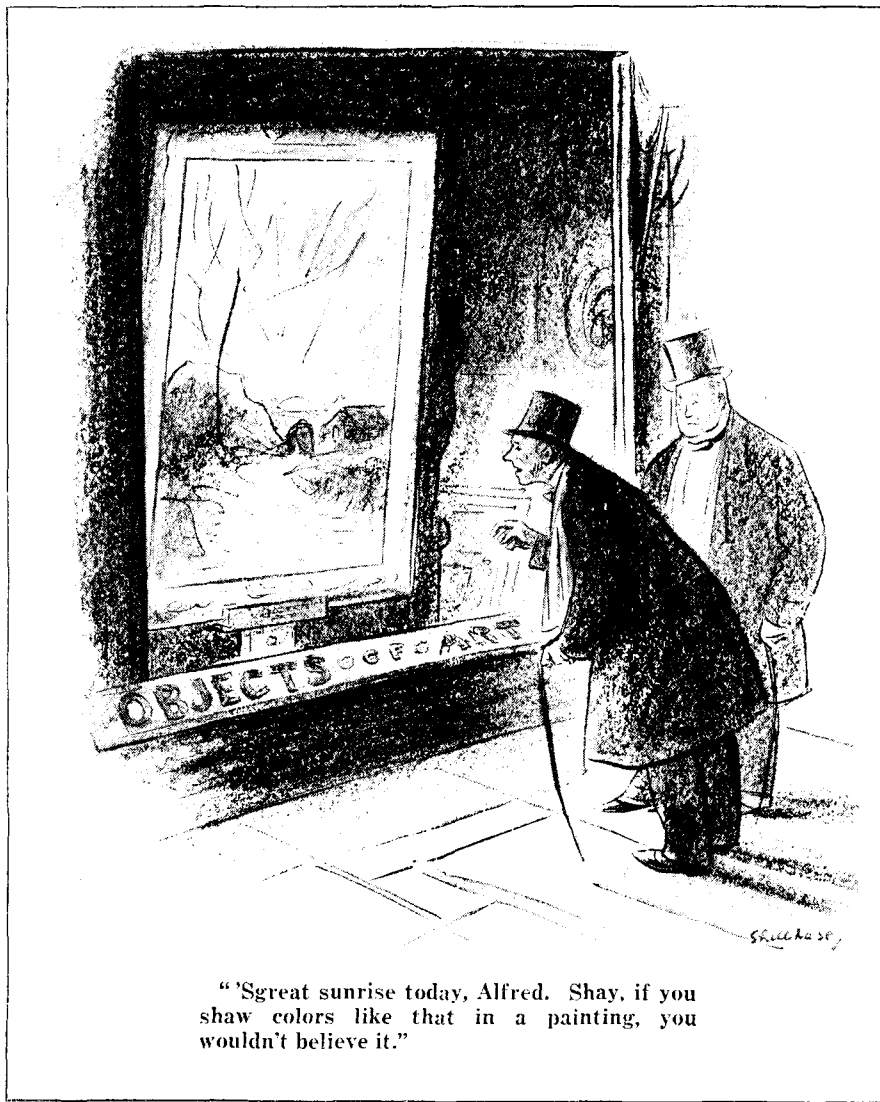
Mr. Rogers is a member of the Knife and Fork Club of South Bend, the Nut and Toothpick Club of Des Moines, the American Association of Ferris Wheel Pullman Conductors, the University Club, the Harvard Club, the League of American Pen Women, the Knickerbocker Club, the Junior League, the Susie Sunshines, the A. and P., the A. T. & S. F., the Union Pacific, and the Seaboard Air Line.

The theatrical folk he pals around with in New York are W. C. Fields, Ann Pennington, the Albertina Rasch Girls, Andy Tombes, Wallace Eddinger and Mrs. Fiske.

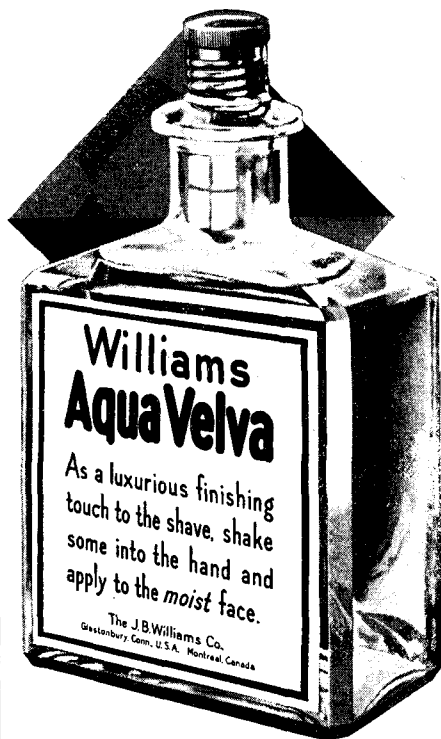
He bears the distinction of having given the only performance not painful to Sir John Irving since the latter was imported from England to review American plays.

Every day he sends a gag by telegraph to two or three hundred newspapers throughout the country and you are always hearing people ask one another, "Did you read what Will Rogers had to say this morning?" When they ask me that, I keep myself well in hand and reply: "No, I didn't read it, but I probably wrote it."

(The next one might be about Babe Ruth, and again it might not.)



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The Turn of a Card

Continued from page 21

you advise me, I shall listen." She drew the torn piece of envelope from her dress. "If you say to burn it, I shall burn it."

Gerald took the paper and examined it. "No," he said. "That would do no good. They would not believe you had done so. And I think Iraizos is right. I agree that murder might not be too much for such a prize." He paused, thinking. "I'd feel more certain of your safety if you entrusted the thing to me—"

But Angela shook her head. "No. This responsibility was my father's and it is now mine." They walked in silence. Finally she said, "Please give it back to me now, Gerald."

He stared at her blankly. "I gave it to you—less than half a minute ago—"

THEY drew apart and she met his consternation with a direct gaze. "No," she said, "—you didn't. I understand your motive well enough, dear Gerald, but I cannot let you keep it. May I have it now, please?"

But Gerald Brace only continued his stare. Then he whirled on his heel and strode down the path to the spot where they had stood. He stooped to pick up something from the flagging. Then he called her. "Angela! Come here!"

Even before they gained the illumination of the veranda lamp she saw that he had in his hands not the torn half-envelope, but the two halves, held together so that they made the whole. For an instant her father's note, written on the flap, stood clear,—"Querida Angela—" Then her quick fingers, spreading the heavy paper, felt inside for the bits of cardboard which, covered with her father's minute figures and divided into small squares of a mathematical table, revealed a secret of fortune. But there was nothing. Both pieces of envelope were empty. The computation was gone.

They returned into the villa without words. In the doorway Gerald paused, wondering perhaps if that crouching bit of black which he saw on the garden wall could be more than the shadow of a palm branch. Then he closed the window-door and waited for Angela to speak.

The girl, however, said nothing. Her face was averted. A soft tread, back and forth, sounded in the bedroom over their heads. "Your Aunt Anita is as nervous as we are, Angela."

Finally she spoke. "No doubt I am young and a girl and credulous, Gerald," she said. "But I am not a fool. You said you heard me scream in that room tonight. I did not scream. You say you gave that paper into my hands just now. You did not. You, who are still a desperate gambler in spite of my love and pleading, knew the value of my father's secret better than any. Well—keep it then. Let it pay you for the loss of my respect and love."

Gerald was about to reply when one of the servants entered softly, an ancient fellow whose heavy shoulders weighed him down. He wore a sash. He had been a famous picador once. "Señorita." He spoke to her in Spanish, holding a tiny, gleaming bit of silver in his palm, a small bas-relief image of a bull's head. "We found it on the floor of your father's study, Señorita."

She motioned the man to leave it on the table. "Thank you, Velez," she said, and then, after the old man had withdrawn: "I have wronged you, Gerald."

He made no reply but went slowly to the table and examined the tiny image. "What is this, Angela?"

"It is a luck piece, not uncommon in our native Andalusia," she told him. "This one is familiar to me because I have seen it often—whenever my cousin Vicente has taken it from his pocket. It means that it was Vicente in my father's study. How may I earn your forgiveness, Gerald?"

He seemed to consider. "In the first place, Angela, you may trust me better. In the second, you must let me make this business my own. In the third place, you may—" He stepped forward and took her and held her in his arms until finally she rested there content and no longer afraid.

Gerald's steps descending the wet roadway were less firm. Two men, happy with wine or feigning it, passed by him, one on either side, and his muscles did not relax until they were yards beyond. Presently he came once more to the street lamp at the intersection, where he paused, alert and listening. But he heard only the primitive throbbing of Angela's good night song.

He stopped then and, smiling curiously, drew from an inside pocket a square of stiff paper which he held close to his eyes in the thin light of the street lamp. But there were no little squares of figures on the paper. It was only a picture to remind him again of the depths of Angela Garmendia's eyes.

Continuing on down, Gerald's gaze was drawn again by habit and interest to the illumination about the Casino. The yacht which he had seen off shore as he mounted to the villa had not been brought into the Jetee mooring. It was in anchorage evidently only for the night. As he watched, its stern riding light went out. Then it flashed on and again off with staccato rapidity.

Instantly he recognized the Morse flash code which he remembered well enough from the war to identify some of the letters. There was an i followed by some letter which he missed and then an a and another i and then a z. He tried consonants in the gap until he arrived at r—iraiz. The syllables made him say it—Iraizos!

Whirling about, he searched the dark background of the hills for an answering signal. But the few lights visible were steady. One of them shone from the Villa Casita and, if he could estimate its position, from the window of that chamber above the south room. The sound of the little old Spanish woman's restless pacing back and forth over their heads returned to his memory. Well, she must be weary enough for bed now at any rate; for as he watched it the light in her window had gone out. But immediately it blinked on again, and then off, sparking through the darkness until, as accurately as he could read, it had spelled the words: "Send car at once we have it—Cossetti."

GERALD moved a few paces down and backed into a doorway, his eyes fixed upon two bright threads far below, the lights of the Rue d'Antibes and the Croisette, steady streams of motor headlights. He was waiting for one of them to become detached and turn its yellow eyes upward toward the hills.

Several of them did so, but climbed only a short distance before turning aside. And then another came. He saw it enter, far below, the road upon which he stood, driving a wave of light before its swift upward advance. Gerald's tense figure moved farther into the niche of the doorway. His jaw made a long grim line above the turned-up collar of his coat. . . .

Under the low ceiling of a small room

paneled in rosewood four men drank black coffee at a heavy rosewood table. Two of them were Armenians, and two Greeks. Three of them talked and gesticulated vehemently. The fourth, too little and gray and insignificant to have either characteristic or opinion, said nothing. A just perceptible sway made the room seem like the cabin of a vessel lying in calm waters. It was the cabin of a yacht lying in the calm waters of the harbor at Cannes.

Most of their talk was in a thickly accented English and its burden was the length of time it should require to drive up the Chemin de la Cava and back, whether or not a man named Constos was a good chauffeur, whether or not Constos could be trusted to return with that thing. When the little gray man spoke, in a soft voice, the rest were silent. "Constos must have been stopped," he said. "Someone who knew what he went to get has waylaid him on the way down the hill."

He paused while his companions murmured doubt, his slight body subsiding again into the chair, the same barely noticeable figure once more who might be seen in the Baccara Room day after day making two-louis "pontes," or occasionally taking the "shoe" for a small bank. Lately, however, certain vague whispered rumors about him had begun to circulate—that he headed a vast Eastern gambling syndicate and that while he counted his red twenty-franc chips so carefully his representatives played at the big tables in millions. He was said to be skillful, merciless, unscrupulous, and successful. His name was Dikran Galofian and what they said of him was true.

AN ANGER roused in his own thoughts made the little man lean forward again. "The plan was sound," he said. "It has been bungled. That Spanish cow, Iraizos, had only to throw the paper through the window. The young Vicente Garmendia need only pick it up. For that, and silence, I would have given them a fortune. Instead, Iraizos must clear his skirts with a foolish self-inflicted wound. He only doubled our difficulty by tearing the letter. Vicente, at the sound of a footfall in the road, runs like a rabbit and leaves even the missing half of our secret as a free gift to a meddling Englishman."

Pagoulas, the Greek, laughed derisively. "Yes, you are a better gambler than conspirator, Galofian. Stick to your own men next time. How about your famous pickpockets, that scum you brought from Salonika who say they can empty the pockets of a ghost? How about the old bull-fighter servant?"

"The old Velez was useful," said the little gray man. "He admitted Cossetti at least. And the pickpockets may have done their work too—if they caught that pair of lovers moon blind in the garden."

"Perhaps," said Pagoulas. "It doesn't matter now anyway, since you were foolish enough to trust Constos to go for it. He has double-crossed us. That's plain."

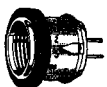
The others broke into a babble of dissent. Galofian, who alone of the group was silent, was the only one who heard the steady knocking at the door. "Come in," he called out, and then the others were silent too.

A red, vacant face, one of the crew, peered into the room. "Boat comin' out," he announced. "Somebody comin' aboard."

A moment later the pale face of their comrade Constos appeared in the open

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doorway. He sat down weakly and spread trembling hands on the table. "I had it," he said. "Cossetti gave it to me all right. He gave me one half and kept half to bring down himself. He figured that was safer. The two pieces fit together and had all them little squares and figures. There was ten red squares and they was the dope. Cossetti give me one half. I put it in my inside pocket. See, right here. I starts down with that old bus wide open, but there was a corner I had to slow up for. You know there's a street light at that corner, boss. It's a tight corner. If I didn't have to slow up—but anyhow, soon as I do, there's a thump behind me and some guy is on the runnin' board and I feel the cold ring of the end of his gat makin' a hole in the back of my neck."

"Well," Galofian was impatient, "what happened then?"

"I pulled up and this guy's hand dives in my pocket and snaps it—just like he knew what I got and where I had it. Then he gimme five to get down out of the bus and I don't have a chance. My feet hit the road and this guy's fist hit my chin all at once. I'm down and out. Then, all of a sudden, he takes the bus roarin' on down the road, fifty an hour maybe. That's all, boss, and it's all straight goods."

"That isn't all, Constos. There's one thing more you can tell and, if you tell it, you're all right. If you don't—and I don't want any guesses, Constos. Well? Who was—this guy?"

Constos breathed again. "Who was he? I told you that, didn't I? It was that English guy."

They talked on in the little smoke-filled cabin until another joined them, a younger man, obviously Italian. He placed a bit of paper on the table and they all bent over it eagerly. Finally Galofian leaned back. "Well done, Cossetti," he said. "If I'd had two like you, we might have here the secret of fortune instead of a mere useless fragment again."

The Italian smiled. "Is it yet too late? There are still many hours in this night."

GERALD BRACE left the Croisette and entered the Casino by the main door. Then he passed into the crowded brilliance of the Baccarra Room.

Although crowded the great room was quiet. Gerald walked slowly from table to table, nodding or exchanging a murmured word here and there; for he was known. Presently a dark, smooth-headed Greek, a stranger to these smaller-stake tables but well known to Gerald as a player for a syndicate, stopped by to watch. "Economizing tonight, Mr. Brace?" he asked, pointing mockingly at the moderate play.

"No," said Gerald. "I expect to win a million when the big table starts." Pagoulas flushed and muttered as he moved away.

Farther on Gerald faced about sharply with that sense one has of being stared at. But his eyes met only the casual gaze of an inconspicuous, gray-bearded little man whose eyes always seemed dead. He passed on into the next large room—more people, more tables, a pale young man went banco for nine thousand francs and lost. It was Vicente, fingering his chips nervously, as he watched every turn of the cards. He started violently when Gerald tossed the little silver bull's head medallion across the table. "That was found tonight in your uncle's study, Vicente," he said.

Vicente picked up the piece and examined it, finally reaching into his pocket. He produced a second bull's head medallion. "So it is not mine, you see," he said. "Mine, if you will observe, has my two initials engraved upon the back."

Someone touched Gerald's arm. An attendant of the Casino bowed at his elbow. "M'sieur Brace? A person has asked to see you. He waits outside. May I say you will come?"

"No," said Gerald. "Say you were unable to find me."

The tall white-headed figure of one of the Baccara Room directors appeared. "Very sorry, Mr. Brace," he said in a low voice, "but you will have to go. These men outside are from police headquarters."

THERE were three of them, plain-clothes men evidently, their dark suits and hats all alike, waiting at the door. One of them stepped forward as Gerald came out and, turning a lapel of his coat, displayed a badge. "We have orders to search and question you, Mr. Brace. Certain documents were stolen tonight from the Villa Casita. If you prefer, we could conduct our search right here in the director's private office. Our orders, of course, are the prefect's orders."

"By whom am I accused?"

"It is not necessary to tell, Monsieur. However—" The man paused. His face was obviously Italian. Somewhere, in some tense moment of play perhaps that face had impressed itself upon Gerald's memory. "Mademoiselle Angela Garmendia has given us very convincing information."

In the small office of one of the Casino directors he emptied his pockets upon a flat desk, his wallet and passport, his cigarette lighter and holder, a dozen hundred-franc Baccara chips, a small square photograph of a dark-eyed girl, and an oblong piece of stiff paper with one ragged edge and all covered with squares and tiny figures. "There," he said. "It is true I stole it—but for Angela Garmendia, not from her. So when you return it, give her also this." He threw the photograph across the desk, and it fell face downward on the floor.

Afterwards, when they had left him there, he moved around the desk and picked the picture up again. He stood gazing at it for a long time. Then he thrust it into his pocket and left the room.

Bareheaded and coatless, he wandered aimlessly out through the Ambassador's doors, and down to the beach, where the slow, black waves broke into an occasionally phosphorescent border of foam. The moon rode high and free.

For a long time Gerald stood there until finally his clenched hands thrust again into his pocket touched the edge of Angela Garmendia's picture. He drew it out. Presently he held the tiny yellow flame of his cigarette lighter to its smooth surface. There was a spurt of yellow fire as the paper caught and burned. As long as possible he held it in his fingers, his imagination offering weird suggestions to his mind. Once he thought, as the cardboard curled and burned, that the little squares and figures which had so occupied his mind seemed to appear on it momentarily and then fade and turn black and fall in black ashes to the sand.

Gerald brushed his hand across his eyes to clear them of the moment's illusion and, with a gesture of determination, ground his heel into the last ash fragments of his memento of Angela Garmendia.

AFTER Gerald's departure Angela Garmendia sat at her piano, her hand still resting on the keys while the last throbbing note of her gypsy song died away.

For a time she sat there motionless, absorbed in thought. Had she really believed Gerald guilty of that attack in the study? Would she have ceased

(Continued on page 46)



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(Continued from page 45)

loving him even if she had believed? Had her love really inspired him to master that gambling passion which had so marred his worth? A sigh of happiness ended these conjectures, and she reached for a pile of music which rested on the top of the piano and were mainly the old Spanish things she had played and sung so often for her father, things which since his death she had hitherto been unwilling to play.

She searched through the sheets for an ancient Andalusian serenade which had always been her father's peculiar joy. Her fingers found the familiar notes. Watching her from a darkened doorway, filling it with his heavy shoulders, stood the old house servant, Velez.

Presently he advanced into the room. Facing about curiously, the girl found the old man's face streaming tears. "You hurt me with that song, Señorita," he said. "I have betrayed the Garmendias tonight and yet I do not want the great fortune which the little gray man promised me. I wanted to have a house in Barcelona but now, if the Señorita will forgive, I shall remain as I am."

She listened intent and astonished while Velez recounted his part in Galofian's plans. Finally she began prompting him with questions: "You are sure it was Vicente at the window, Velez? And yet the luck piece was not really his? And when my aunt was finally asleep you admitted their man and took him up there? Are you sure they have all departed now, Velez? I am afraid."

Velez turned down the edge of his sash until the haft of a long knife was exposed. "You need be afraid no longer, Señorita," he said. "If I but see the little gray man again I shall kill him."

"And you saw the man you took upstairs finally give the two halves of the paper to the man who came in the car? So they have the whole thing now?"

For almost an hour Angela sat there thinking of the evil which her father's genius had left upon his house. Vicente had been false. Iraizos too, probably. Even old Velez for a space of hours. Perhaps Gerald, whom she had been first to suspect, was the only one who had been worthy of her trust. Finally she began to play again. Her eyes followed the notes upon the old and tattered sheet of music, and then, abruptly, she stopped. Her fingers were rigid.

Angela bent forward, staring at that torn sheet of music. She did not move for minutes, and her eyes remained wide open and staring. After a time she drew back and by a great effort of will composed herself. She took the sheet of music from the rack and folded it and put it into her dress. Then she rose steadily and went to a corner of the room where a table lamp glowed through an old rose shade. Also on the low table was a small tooled leather case, a photograph case, but when she opened it no picture met her gaze. Instead, there was only a small white card with the words: "I need this, Angela. You have your mirror," written boldly across it. It was the visiting card of Mr. Gerald Brace.

THE hour was a later one, and there were fewer tables and heavier play in the Baccara Room. It was the time when only those who would stake fortunes on the turn of a single card remain.

There were eight of them at the largest Chemin de Fer table. There were three women—two of them young, one of them pretty, all of them famous for their wealth and their jewels—and five men: a marquis, and a famous racer of thoroughbreds, and a pretender to a throne, and a Greek named Pagoulas who would play for any stake named—and Gerald Brace.

The luck had not been good for Ger-

ald, and he had lost heavily. Everybody at the table had lost heavily but one; for Pagoulas had everybody's luck and he had won more than two million francs. Gerald did not care. He was flush with the excitement of the game and he was yet stunned by another loss which hurt more than the loss of a quarter million francs. He tried once more and lost with a seven against Pagoulas' eight. The "shoe" ran out of cards and they all left the table for a moment's relaxation while the croupier shuffled and packed the six decks anew.

Gerald walked across the room to stretch his legs, stopping once to watch another table where the play was also high. A little gray-faced man who generally played in louis was winning there in the tens of thousands. So it was a night for "streaks," someone at each table, and at the big table there could be no doubt that the lone winner was the Greek, Pagoulas.

HIS fortune continued through another half hour, until finally two of the ladies and the racing man left the table in disgust. Gerald went on blindly. Someone dropped into the vacant place beside him and when the "shoe" reached him again he won a small coup. Pagoulas, drunk with his fortune, laughed. "Is that the million you were going to win tonight, Mr. Brace?"

"If you care to banco against me, Pagoulas," said Gerald, "we'll make the next play for a million."

In the face of Pagoulas' eagerness Gerald might have weakened had not an unidentified voice at his elbow whispered, "Yes. Go on. He will lose this time." It required that final unimportant impulse, and when the stakes were made and verified and the cards drawn he showed a winning five against Pagoulas' three.

An expression of puzzlement passed across the Greek's swarthy face. He glanced hurriedly at something concealed in his lap, and then with more assurance he said: "Well, maybe you like me to double, Mr. Brace. I take you for two millions."

"Can you cover my bank, Pagoulas?" Gerald watched while the stacks of bank notes and piles of white oval chips were heaped before the croupier. It required all Pagoulas' winnings and most of his original playing stake. "All right then. Ready? Let's play." Pagoulas asked to draw a card but Gerald turned a natural eight, and the play was done.

Pagoulas sat there blinking, still staring at his cards. Beads of perspiration came out upon his forehead and he mumbled something about making a mistake. Then he collected himself and gave directions and a key to an attendant who hurried away. "That's very good now, Mr. Brace. You have your lost million back. We play one more coup and for three million francs. He is bringing my stake."

Gerald hesitated. The fatal third coup, and he was dared to risk three million francs that it could win for him again. His hand reached out to push the "shoe" to the croupier, signifying his pass, but he paused. That same voice on his left whispered again "No! Play."

"Very well, Pagoulas. Once more." There was confusion in the room while the Greek's money, brought from his Baccara Room safe deposit, was being counted. Someone at another table had fainted and was being carried to the bar. They said it was the little old man who had won so much a while ago. He'd lost all that and thousands more, and now he had fainted. But the players at the big table barely noticed. There were six million francs waiting in the center of the table for the man whose

three cards could make the highest total up to a possible nine.

Gerald drew the cards from the "shoe" mechanically, and the croupier's flat scoop passed Pagoulas' first two across the table as apparently carelessly as though their decision would determine the winner of a three-louis banco. Pagoulas glanced at them in feverish haste, and his face paled slightly as he called for a third. He drew an ace.

Gerald turned his own cards deliberately, two face cards, nothing, Baccara. He smiled faintly as he reached for his third. It was the two of clubs, and at the sight of that two against his own total of one the Greek, Pagoulas, fell back in his chair as if his spine had melted. His arm dragged a few thousand-franc chips to the floor and remaining before him on the table where it had slipped from his nerveless fingers lay a piece of heavy paper, carefully pasted together through the center and the whole of it covered with minute figures and little squares.

Gerald stared at it for a full minute. Then he rose to his feet and pointed with a gesture of bitterness. "That, ladies and gentlemen, is the famous Garmendia system, a vengeance, to be sure, upon the thieves who stole it, but none the less as false to its creator's promise as other Garmendias are to theirs."

The play was over. The players departed, but Gerald Brace remained seated in his chair with six million francs before him on the table and Angela Garmendia in the chair beside him waiting for him to speak. When his head sank forward she spoke: "Why did you say that, Gerald? It is not true."

"I forgave your first doubt, Angela," he said. "After all, I have been a gambler, and a gambler may easily be a thief. But when your police came to search me and take the half of that worthless thing which I had recovered for you—"

"But I sent no police, Gerald?" Her calmness carried conviction. "And why, if they were police who searched you, did they turn what they took over to a gambling syndicate? Read this."

SHE spread a worn sheet of music on the table before him, and finally, part way down the second page, he saw where a very small handwriting occupied the space where the notes had been erased. "I found it after you left tonight."

She read to him in a low voice:

"Dear Angela:

"The Chemin de Fer computation which Iraizos, my solicitor, has no doubt given you is quite false and adroitly designed to ruin anyone who plays it heavily. This is so because I know there will be as many efforts to steal it from you as there have been to steal the true one from me. I would gladly have destroyed it but they would not be convinced. So let them steal the fake one and be convinced that old Garmendia's system was a fake after all. And the true computation, little Angela, is written in invisible ink, needing only a little heat to make it clear, upon the back of your photograph which is in the little leather case on the table in the South Room. Do not use it, Angela, but do not suffer for want of it.

"Your father,
"Ernesto Garmendia."

They went out of the Ambassador's doors of the Casino arm in arm, crossed the small garden, and stood for a moment upon the open beach. Far out in the bay the lights of a yacht were fast diminishing. But Gerald's eyes were not watching the lights of yachts, nor even the light of the moon. They were bent upon the beach searching for even a burned and blackened flake which might remain. But there was nothing. The Garmendia secret was lost in the innumerable sands.

"The White House Says—"

Continued from page 19

themselves must weed out from their midst alleged newspaper men who, in some cases at least, seemed to be acting in the capacity of agents for governments which were gradually provoking the United States to the point of war.

President Wilson stopped the conferences with newspaper correspondents as soon as the United States went into war. He made his statements to the public after that through the Committee on Public Information. This committee, to the delight of correspondents and editors all over the land, ended with the war, but the reporters found themselves out of touch with the President.

Several of the leading correspondents requested President Wilson to resume the conferences. He was too weak and sick to cope with floods of reportorial queries.

"They ask me too many foolish questions," was his weary reply.

Reporters had to be very careful with Wilson, as indeed they are with other Presidents, to disguise the fact that he had spoken directly with them. They went all round Robin Hood's barn in their stories. "Privately it was made known, etc.," wrote one noted correspondent in 1913, after a conference with Wilson on the Huerta problem.

Harding enjoyed the press conferences.

There were jokes, laughter and repartee. Once he said to the reporters, "If you're not more exact in interpreting me I'll put on a clam-like stunt for you." It was all very free and easy until that time he stumbled. The incident was a painful one.

It was during the Washington disarmament conference. The reporters had asked Secretary Hughes whether he hoped to create an "Association of Nations."

"I have no such hope," said Mr. Hughes. "That is not the purpose of this conference."

Some of these same correspondents went to the usual White House conference and put the same question to Mr. Harding. He replied, in effect:

"It would be a fine thing if an association of nations should grow out of this conference."

This statement raised a row among the delegates of certain nations.

"Have we been summoned here to organize a pseudo league of nations?" was the effect of their questions put to the State Department.

The Written-Question Plan

This was extremely embarrassing to the State Department. What passed between Mr. Hughes and Mr. Harding is not known but it was decided by Mr. Harding that it was dangerous business for him to answer all hit-or-miss questions without closer teamwork with Mr. Hughes, especially while the capital was filled with delegates of foreign nations.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Harding, at the next press conference, "I think it will be best for you to put your questions in writing hereafter and present them fifteen minutes before the conference opens."

The Harding plan of written questions has continued from that time. It changed the whole effect of the conferences. In the first place it stopped cross-questioning by reporters. In the second place it prevented reporters from knowing what questions the President had declined to answer.

But, in spite of the written-question system, another mistake occurred soon.

It was five days before Christmas in 1921. Harding was being battered with written questions by the correspondents concerning details of the disarmament conference. Only that day the American delegates to the Pacific conference had agreed with the Japanese delegates that the Four-Power treaty, fixing a ten-year-status in the Pacific Ocean, should apply to the mainland of Japan as well as to its possessions. Not being aware of this agreement, President Harding, in answering a question, said to the assembled correspondents:

"The Four-Power treaty does not apply to the mainland of Japan."

Mr. Underwood to the Rescue

The correspondents sent to their office a Presidential statement which explicitly contradicted a State Department arrangement which had been made with the Japanese and other delegates that day.

Oscar Underwood, who was one of the American commissioners to the Four-Power treaty conference, has told me of the confusion that reigned.

"The President's statement to the press bewildered the Japanese," he said. "Mr. Elihu Root and others of the American delegation met at the State Department to consider what should be done. We also were bewildered."

"Warren Harding and I had been good friends in the Senate and Mr. Root knew of this fact. While we were puzzling what to do Mr. Root suddenly said:

"Oscar, there is only one thing to be done. You'll have to go over to the White House and ask the President to issue a statement correcting the press statement."

The correction appeared within six hours after the original declaration in a statement from the White House. It was a full correction; other Presidents, in such situations, have permitted the imputation of inaccuracy to fall on the press; but not Harding.

After this incident State Department experts were on hand at conferences to waterproof all of Mr. Harding's replies to questions which might concern our foreign relations.

Calvin Coolidge has had some rough going with reporters.

The first real "jam" was the Jusserand affair. This passed off fairly quietly, so far as the newspaper reading public was concerned, but it raised a storm among the correspondents.

It happened at Christmas time, in 1924.

Ambassador Jusserand, preparing to bring to a close his 20 years of service in Washington as representative of France, made an address to a current history club, composed of Washington ladies, in which he suggested that France felt she could safely ask the United States for a moratorium on her debts.

At the next press conference with the President one of the correspondents presented a question concerning M. Jusserand's speech.

Now, by the rules of the conference, no correspondent is allowed to quote the President, but Mr. Coolidge said something that day which caused a number of the highly trained veteran Washington writers to declare that—to quote one headline—Jusserand Plea Brings Reproof from Coolidge. J. Frederick Essary, now president of the National Press Club, and for many years correspondent of the famous Baltimore Sun;

(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 47)

Richard V. Oulahan, of the New York Sun; Robert Barry, of the Philadelphia Public Ledger; Henry Suydam, of the Brooklyn Eagle, and others all sent stories to their newspapers announcing, in effect, that it had been disclosed at the White House that Jusserand might better have made his statement concerning the French debt to the World War Debt Commission rather than to a social organization.

This newspaper story put both Ambassador Jusserand and the State Department into a state of torment. To have so eminent a statesman end his career at Washington under a public rebuke from the President was unendurable.

Passing the Buck

The State Department, almost three years to a day after the Japan ruckus, got into touch with the White House concerning the newspaper stories which had originated in the President's office. Forty hours thereafter—on Christmas Eve to be exact—this statement was issued from the White House:

It was said at the White House today that Ambassador Jusserand had made known his views to Secretary Mellon as to the French debt some time ago, that this was communicated to the commission. Nothing to the contrary has been given out at the White House. The comment of yesterday was simply a refusal to discuss in any way a recent address by the ambassador.

This statement served to pass the buck from the State Department to the corps of Washington correspondents; made them appear, they declared, as if they had misquoted the President.

"The corps of correspondents are thus put in the position of having misrepresented the President's sentiments to the country," declared the Brooklyn Eagle. A few other correspondents also made bold to publish stories criticizing the White House for leaving the correspondents in an embarrassing position.

Ever since the incident there have been more or less strained relations between certain of the leading correspondents of Washington and the White House.

There came a time when each news agency would send three or four men to the Coolidge conferences. As soon as the President would drop an item of important news some of these men would make a dash for the door, scramble out into the hallway and rush for the phones.

Noises incident to their competitive efforts to depart would drown out the Presidential drawl. Two or three of these uproars during a conference were distinctly upsetting. Mr. Coolidge fixed it. Not to quote him exactly, he said at a certain conference:

"Gentlemen, I wish you would remain in the room until the conference is concluded." And that ended that.

A stenographer is seated beside the President's desk, while the President, reading from a list of questions, speaks slowly to the assembled writers.

At one stage someone started the custom of securing the stenographer's official report of the President's remarks and using them almost verbatim as a White House statement.

The White House responded to this move by withholding the stenographic report from publication, offering it merely as a memory aid for the news men.

One of the enterprising reporters therefore took a stenographer with him to the press conference.

This stenographer was one day industriously using his pencil when suddenly Coolidge stopped talking to the 100 or more correspondents and wheeled on the young man.

"Are you taking a stenographic report of my remarks?" he asked quite fiercely—and that means quite fiercely too. I give the gist, not the exact wording, of the President's query.

The young man said he was.

"I don't want it done!" Another new custom was ended.

A third move made by the White House was to request correspondents not to report what questions had been put to the President.

This request grew out of the action of a certain New York correspondent in reporting that President Coolidge had refrained from answering a certain interrogation.

And along about this time the "White House Spokesman" was born. What Washington reporter first used this term to apply to the President seems to be a secret among the Washington men.

For many months "the White House Spokesman" told America what was going on at the White House, what the President thought, how he felt on important matters and why he took whatever actions he did.

All went well with the "Spokesman" until comical newspaper writers known as column writers, vaudeville actors and slap-stick comedians began to joke about him. Then came "White House Action No. 4" in the struggle.

At a certain conference "the White House Spokesman" himself asked that he be annihilated. "Can't we even say that you have asked us not to mention the White House Spokesman?" asked a correspondent. "No," came the President's answer. Wherefore the newspaper men, in their stories, couldn't even tell the public that "the White House Spokesman" was dead. But Senator Reed of Missouri, Congressman Oldfield of Nevada and others made the fact public in statements and interviews which were generally circulated. It is said that certain mischievous correspondents coaxed these statesmen to mention the "Spokesman's" demise.

A Slip of the Tongue

One January day in 1927, in answer to a certain question, President Coolidge's tongue slipped. He referred to Secretary Herbert Hoover as "President Hoover." How Coolidge knew the secret of the future he has never told. Unless Mr. Coolidge is a consummate actor (which he isn't) it was a pure slip of the tongue.

I have not found any correspondent who has justified the publication of that "President Hoover" story except on the brutal grounds that it was "too good to pass up."

As a result of this incident there came "Action No. 5." In the intimacy of the next conference certain words were issued from the President's side of the desk. What they were, exactly, no one tells you. But Washington correspondents who attend the conferences, and who write for millions of newspaper readers the inner goings-on in Presidential plans and thoughts, might, if they choose, send out to you a little story running something like this:

Correspondents in Washington are no longer permitted to refer to the fact that "press conferences" are held at the White House, nor are they permitted to refer to what transpires at these conferences. Whatever material is given them at these conferences they are to use merely as guidance in writing their stories and whatever they write, following these conferences, is to be written not on the authority of any White House official, but solely on their own.

The result of these five different actions taken at the White House was that, thereafter, you and I read in the newspaper that "the President feels,"

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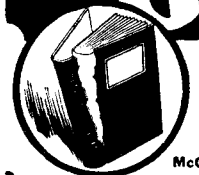
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the "President thinks," and so forth. What President Coolidge *says* will be hidden. You'll have to take the writer's word for it. But, on the other hand, you may be sure that you can depend on the writer, for he is taking his fortunes in his hands in so writing. Moreover—and here is the important point—the correspondents who today appear at the conferences are hand-picked for integrity, honesty and professional reliability by the correspondents themselves. No one gets into a conference whose credentials are not known to other newspaper men.

Only a Matter of Politics

At one conference not long ago, so the correspondents say, they had a silence strike. Not one question, so far as anyone could learn, was put to the President that day. But, to their amazement, Mr. Coolidge calmly raised several slips from his table when they entered, and spoke easily and at length on certain topics. Where he got the questions no one knew; but they were inter-

esting and fruitful of much good news.

One correspondent some months ago—a Democrat, to be exact—in trying to get Mr. Coolidge to say whether he had ever signed a petition against Roosevelt running for a third term, persuaded about 25 other correspondents, likewise representing Democratic or independent newspapers, to put in more than a score of copies of the same question.

This batch of questions may not have reached the President's desk; it is probable that one of his secretaries side-tracked them, and that the President never knew of them. The fact remains that he did not answer the query.

Just as there are Republicans and Democrats among doctors, lawyers, merchants and men of other professions, so there are Democrats and Republicans among newspaper men. Their papers, too, are frequently either Republican or Democratic.

All of which goes to prove that some of the trouble which Presidents may have with correspondents in Washington may be only a matter of politics, after all.



In This Issue

COVER. By Anita Parkhurst

THE CROSS-EYED SOUTH-PAW. By Richard Connell. In which an amazing young man with freckles defends his girl Page 5

DRY EYES ON HOOVER. By Walter Davenport. F. Scott McBride, successor to Wayne B. Wheeler, tells what the Anti-Saloon League expects of Mr. Hoover Page 8

SOUND AND FURY. By Grantland Rice Page 10

THE LAST TRICK. By John B. Kennedy. A mystery that was too good to be true Page 11

WITH ROPE AND GUM. By Ring Lardner. Another revealing biography by a great humorist Page 13

MARRIAGE FOR TWO. By Arthur Somers Roche. A new novel of love and crime with synopsis Page 14

WINGS OF DESTINY. By George Weston. A novel of war and adventure—and love—with complete synopsis Page 16

THE SHANGHAI TEST. By Frank Condon. How a Dry stays that way in an oasis Page 18

"THE WHITE HOUSE SAYS—" By William G. Shepherd. How the President talks to the newspapers Page 19

THE TURN OF A CARD. By Stephen Morehouse Avery. A romantic story of love and danger Page 20

THE BUZZ-SAW. By F. R. Buckley. A short short story Page 22

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? By Milton C. Work Page 24

TEXAS STILL BREEDS TEXANS. By The Gentleman at the Keyhole Page 28

PREVENTING HURRICANES. By Edwin E. Slosson Page 32

LUCKY OLIVE. By Jack Binns Page 34

COLLIERGRAPHS Page 36

EDITORIALS Page 50

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor



CHARLES COLEBAUGH
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Be your own Dry Agent

THE pained protests which went up from officeholders when Major Chester P. Mills' plan for enforcing prohibition was awarded Mr. Durant's \$25,000 prize were very funny.

You might have imagined that the enforcement fellows would have welcomed help from any source. Not so. Major Mills had been slid out of his job as prohibition administrator for the New York district because he would not employ incompetents recommended by political bosses. He thought enforcement more important than patronage. Simple person! What could he know about practical law enforcement!

Of course Major Mills actually put his finger on one of the sore spots. Industrial alcohol is the principal source of supply for bootleggers in the larger Eastern cities. Restrict industrial alcohol to its legal uses and one great reservoir of illegal liquor will be dried.

If prohibition is to be enforced, Major Mills' prize suggestion must obviously be adopted regardless of the discomfort it might bring to bootleggers, their protecting politicians, and even to their easily pleased customers.

But granting this, only a very sanguine person will expect even the strictest and most honorable control of industrial alcohol to dry up the country. For as our reporters, who have been traveling east, west and south taking note of the drinking habits of their fellow citizens in different sections, have observed, thirst, like necessity, is the mother of many inventions. Those with a mind to circumvent prohibition are displaying great resourcefulness. Even those sections deprived of industrial alcohol now appear to have abundant supplies of other varieties of intoxicating beverages.

Alcohol is so easy to make. Simple farm-

ers in the Dakotas, denizens of dying mining towns in the Rocky Mountains, the "poor whites" of the Carolinas, and various other classes have found themselves quite equal to the task of distilling fire water from corn, corn sugar, beets and other vegetable products whose growth or manufacture has not been forbidden by law.

Wherever our reporters have been, copious supplies of liquor have been found. Kansas and South Carolina are politically

nor other adventurous persons will be inclined to repeat their experiments and offenses.

This is a large order. The federal government, however, has no other course to follow.

Mr. Hoover was elected by a great majority and millions of those who voted for him did so because of their belief that he would make a strenuous effort to enforce prohibition.

The President-elect has no choice in the matter. Yet neither Mr. Hoover, brilliant administrator that he is, nor any other man can enforce prohibition or any other important law without the cooperation of his fellow citizens.

Half the responsibility rests with the government and half with the people. Neither can succeed without the other. If we are willing to have prohibition enforced, Mr. Hoover can do it. If we are unwilling, no man alive can compel observance of the law.

Practical prohibition must come from the people and no good results from voting dry and drinking wet. That is hypocrisy on a national scale.

We face a time of decision. If we want prohibition, let's live up to it whether in Illinois, Texas, Kansas or New Jersey. If we don't intend personally to obey the law, let's not insist on its being kept upon the books.

The facts brought in by the unprejudiced reporters

sent out by Collier's reveal a base and indefensible condition of affairs in every region visited.

A cynical contempt for the law is being shown by decent people throughout the country. This is abominable in a self-governing land. Let's be honest about this great affair. Obey the law or stand up fearlessly against it. Compromise on existing lines is national dishonor.



Half the responsibility rests with the government and half with the people. Neither can succeed without the other

dry but the way men vote in such states appears to have little influence upon their drinking habits.

Any practical plan to enforce prohibition must be elastic enough to reach thousands of new distillers in every state.

Businesses now tacitly tolerated and even protected by local, state and federal authority must be destroyed and so ruthlessly destroyed that neither their present managers

Where Bearing Protection Begins

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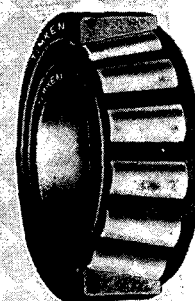
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Cadillac.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Chandler.....	65 & Royal 75	x	x	x	x	x
	New Big 6	x	x	x	x	x
	& Royal 85	x	x	x	x	x
Chrysler.....	De Soto	x	x	x	x	x
	Plymouth	x	x	x	x	x
	65 & 75	x	x	x	x	x
	80	x	x	x	x	x
Cunningham.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Dodge.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Durant.....	M4 and D60	x	x	x	x	x
	D70 & D80	x	x	x	x	x
	6-70	x	x	x	x	x
Elcar.....	8-78, 8-82	x	x	x	x	x
	8-91, 8-92	x	x	x	x	x
Falcon.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Ford.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Franklin.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Graham-Paige.....	610	x	x	x	x	x
	614	x	x	x	x	x
Hudson and Essex.....	619, 629, 835	x	x	x	x	x
Hupmobile.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
	Century 6	x	x	x	x	x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kleiber.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
LaSalle.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Lincoln.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Marmon.....	68	x	x	x	x	x
	78	x	x	x	x	x
McFarlan.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Moon.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Nash.....	Std 6	x	x	x	x	x
	All	x	x	x	x	x
	8-69	x	x	x	x	x
Peerless.....	6-91, 6-60	x	x	x	x	x
	and 6-80	x	x	x	x	x
Pierce-Arrow.....	81	x	x	x	x	x
	36	x	x	x	x	x
Reo.....	Flying Cloud	x	x	x	x	x
	Wolverine	x	x	x	x	x
Roamer.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stearns-Knight.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
and Erskine.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Velie.....	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Overland.....	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	56	x	x	x	x	x
	66-A	x	x	x	x	x
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